# HAHNEMANN

## CLASS OF 1921

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GRADUATING CLASS–1921

# Class Record and Year Book

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## Class of Nineteen Twenty-One

# Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital

OF

PHILADELPHIA

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Oh, Hahnemann! Fair Hahnemann!
We sing to thee, Fair Hahnemann.
Loyal and loving sons we'll ever be
Hear us, Fair Hahnemann, we sing to thee.

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Philadelphia, Pa.
April, 1921

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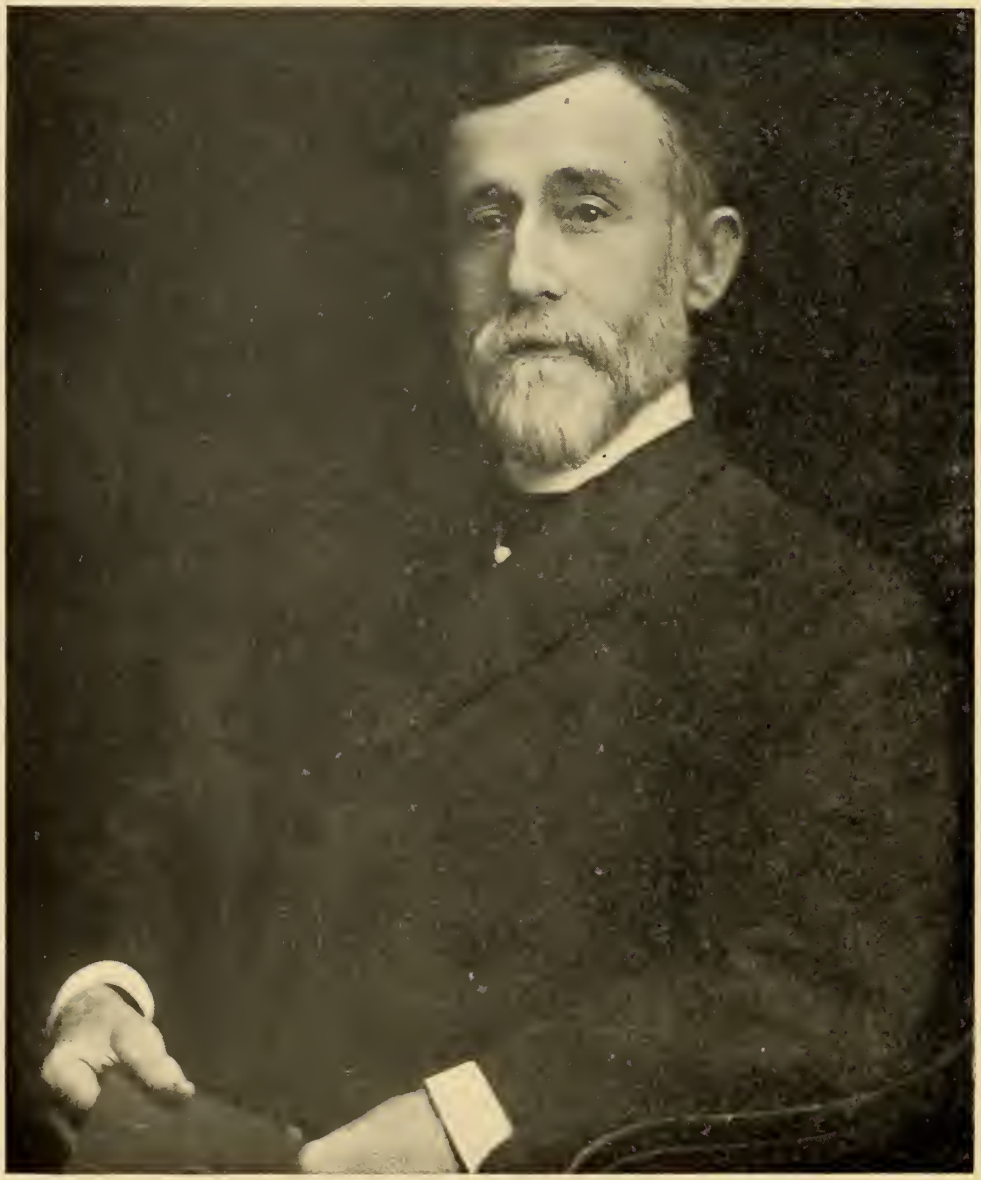
# FOREWORD

Though the deeds that are here set down be little read nor long remembered, if this book shall serve in later life to renew a single vision or recall a single memory of these college years, we shall not have worked in vain.



To

RUFUS BENJAMIN WEAVER, A.M., M.D., Sc.D.,

our Teacher and Friend,

we dedicate this book

in appreciation for his many kindnesses,

being fully conscious that it can be

but an inadequate expression of

our affection and esteem.

# RUFUS BENJAMIN WEAVER

*"Titles of honor add not to his worth*
*Who is an honor to his title."*

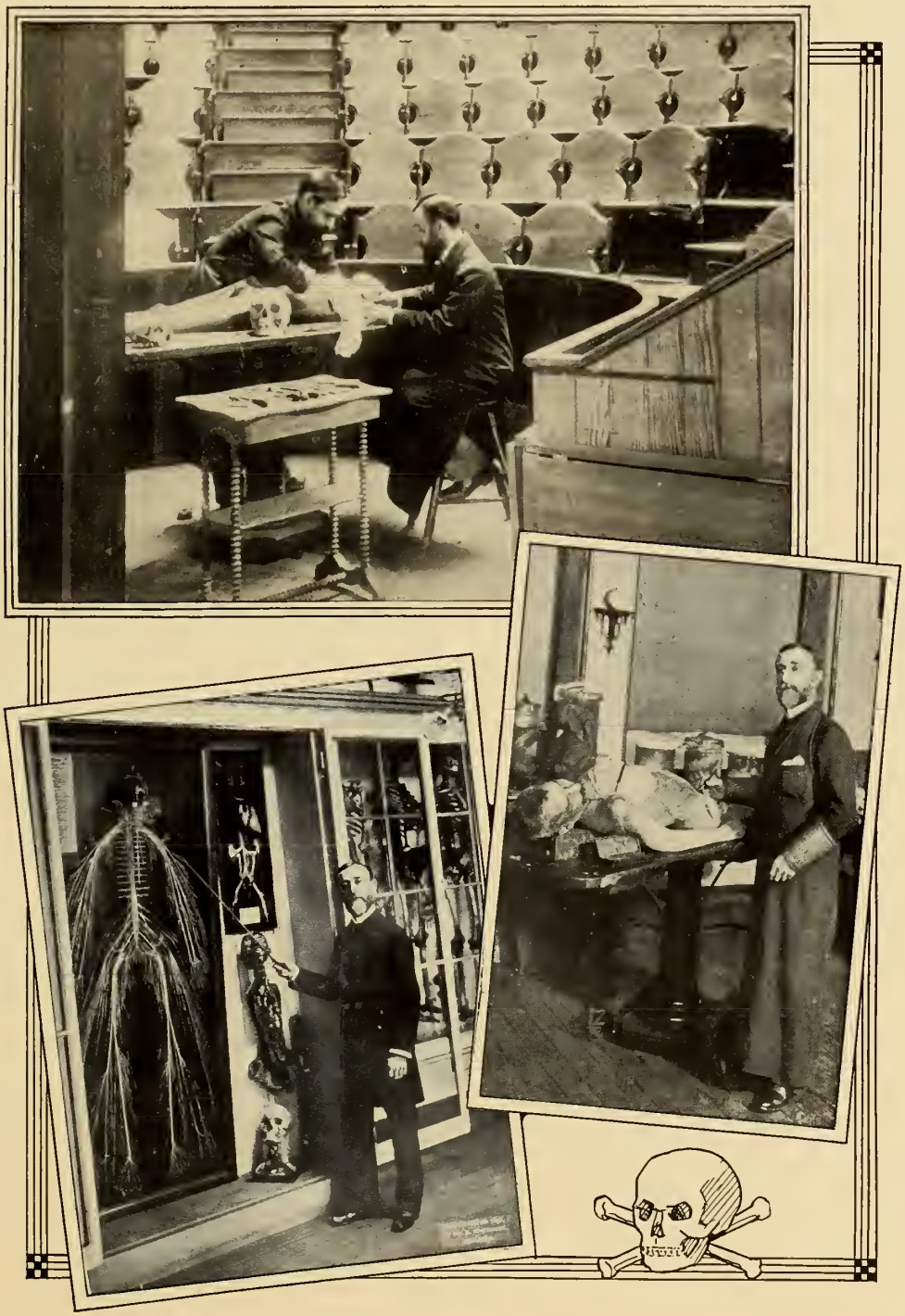
In dedicating this class book to the honor of Rufus Benjamin Weaver, A.M., M.D., Sc.D., the Class of 1921 has placed itself on record as choosing the greatest man on the Faculty of Old Hahnemann as their ideal, and they cannot do better than adopt his sentiment as their standard as they enter upon their lifework. Six years ago, at his Golden Jubilee, Dr. Weaver said, "What I have done has been a work of love. If I were asked the definition of work I would reply, the doing of something for our fellowman."

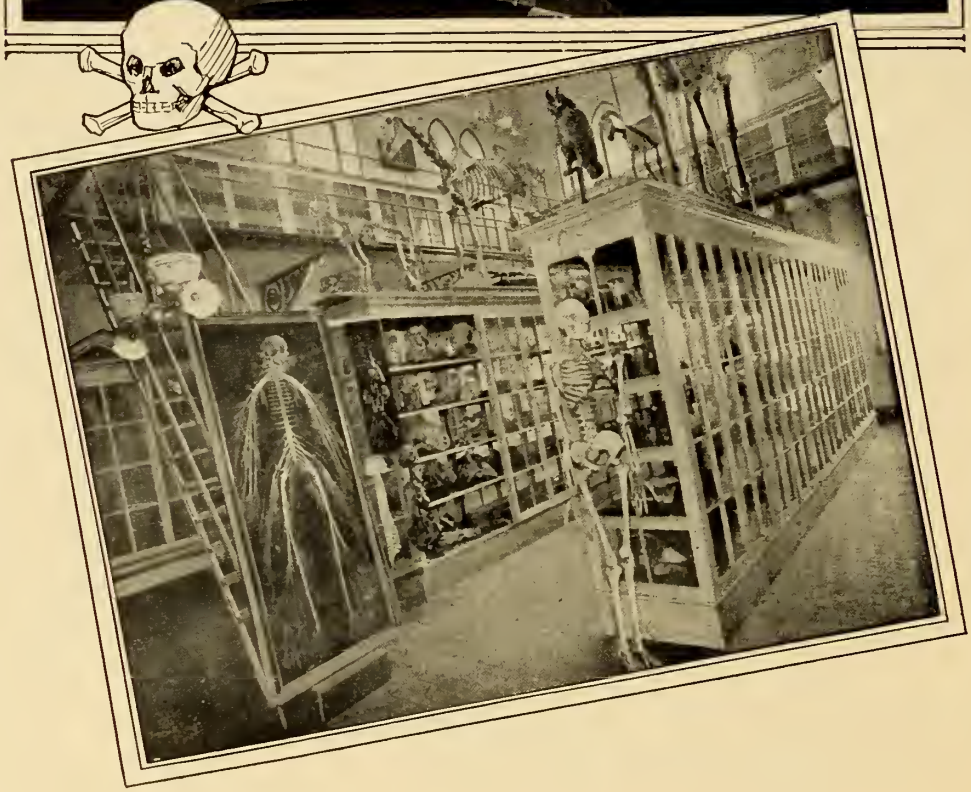
This has been the goal of the greatest living anatomist; many men have chosen some other branch of our profession to accomplish the same object. They have helped their thousands, but Dr. Weaver in his quiet life in his studio and his laboratory has, through his students, reached his tens of thousands. He has taught the subject that is the keystone upon which all other departments of our profession rest, to more than 3000 of the students of Old Hahnemann; "His Boys" as he proudly calls them. He has taught every teacher in the medical Faculty and almost every living graduate of the school. May we not call upon our Ideal and ask him to join us in our pride, when we, claiming him as our own, recall that no man in the history of medicine has taught anatomy for so many years, and add that no man has taught it better or more thoroughly?

Since 1869 Dr. Weaver's talents and work have been for our School, "Old Hahnemann." At no time has his loyalty waned in the slightest degree; he has served with three Faculties and through great changes. True, he has had flattering offers from other institutions; offers financially more than four times as great as our college could pay, but invariably he has stood firm. When Dr. A. R. Thomas asked him what he was going to do with one of these offers, he replied, "What do you suppose I am going to do, Dr. Thomas? Stay here, of course."

Hahnemann owes more to Dr. Weaver than to any other living man. His work and teaching of his specialty has placed our college in the foremost ranks of all institutions teaching Anatomy. Dr. Weaver did more for Hahnemann than teach her students. In the early seventies when a financial crisis threatened our school, he alone pledged his entire fortune and preserved to us and the world, Hahnemann Medical College. Without Dr. Weaver, our college would long ago have been forgotten; others might have saved her, he did save her. His wonderful museum is a lasting testament of his skill and patience, but the College itself is his monument.

The glory of any institution is the great men who have taught and studied in her halls. Has Hahnemann ever had a greater man than Rufus Benjamin Weaver? He has taught longer than any teacher the college ever had and none have been more conscientious or been a better friend to the student than he. Dr. Weaver is the idol of the Student Body and Faculty alike; we do more than honor him, we love him; not merely





because of his professional accomplishments, but we recognize the man in him. We see his sterling worth, his strict integrity, his pure and unsullied life, his close and constant devotion to duty. Contact with Dr. Weaver, a handshake from him, is an inspiration to go forth in God's name to live better lives and do better work than we have ever done in the past.

Rufus Benjamin Weaver, the youngest child of Samuel and Elizabeth A. Weaver, was born in Gettysburg, Pa., Jan. 10th, 1841. He received his academic education at the Pennsylvania College in Gettysburg, graduating from the same with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1862 and receiving from his Alma Mater, three years later, the degree of Master of Arts. During his school days he became interested in anatomy, and this interest swayed his future career, and as he entered manhood took such firm hold on him, that he studied medicine; it offering the only opportunity of accomplishing his object in studying the one subject that had become paramount in his life. Accordingly he matriculated in the Penn Medical University of Philadelphia and obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1865. In the spring of the same year, he took a course of Anatomical Instruction, as a special student under Dr. David Hayes Agnew, and for him developed the highest regard. In 1867-68, he took a full course of lectures in the University of Pennsylvania and there met Dr. Joseph Leidy, and again a strong attachment sprung up between teacher and student. In 1868-69 he took a clinical course at Jefferson Medical College, for the purpose of studying and contrasting methods of teaching.

In 1864, while a student in the Penn Medical College, he made the acquaintance of Dr. Amos Russell Thomas, who was Professor of Anatomy at that institution. A friendship, such as is seldom witnessed, sprung up between these two great men and was only severed by the death of Dr. Thomas in 1895.

In 1869, Dr. Thomas, having changed his school of medicine and become the Professor of Anatomy at Hahnemann College, offered his demonstratorship to Dr. Weaver. This was accepted, but not until the advice of Dr. D. Hayes Agnew was sought. Had there been an opportunity at the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Agnew would not have advised Dr. Weaver to come to Hahnemann, but having no opening in his own department, he urged Dr. Weaver to accept Dr. Thomas' offer, saying, "This will give you your own laboratory" and prophetically adding, "It may be the opportunity of a life-time."

Dr. Weaver's coming to Hahnemann, at the time he did, and in the manner he did, was of the greatest import to our school; in him we obtained a young enthusiastic anatomical student, an educated accomplished teacher; and with it all, thanks to the influence of his friend, Dr. Agnew, the means of obtaining a sufficiency of material for the work, which could have come in no other way.

In 1879 Dr. Weaver was appointed Lecturer on Surgical Anatomy, which position he filled until 1896, when he was made Professor of Applied Anatomy. In 1910 Dr. Weaver was made an honorary member of the Executive Faculty of Hahnemann and his name was given precedence to all others, even to that of Dean Van Lennep, at the latter's personal request. In 1920 he was prevailed upon to accept the position of Head of the Department of Anatomy, which he had refused many times before. In

1891 Hahnemann College, recognizing Dr. Weaver's scientific attainments, conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine. In 1907 the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, for the same reasons, made him a Doctor of Science.

The Weaver Museum at Hahnemann College is the most complete collection of Anatomical, Surgical and Pathological specimens for teaching purposes in the world, and is the life work of Dr. Weaver and a monument that will last as long as our college continues as a School of Medicine. It is an endless collection of thousands of specimens, both dry and wet, prepared for teaching in every department of the college. It represents fifty-six years of unceasing, unwearying effort; a labor of love and infinite patience. The greatest achievement of all, is the dissection and mounting of the entire cerebro-spinal nervous system in a single specimen, in 1888; a work that has brought the recognition of the world to the skill of our Anatomist. It had been classed among the impossibilities. It is a dissection never before accomplished or since duplicated.

Dr. Rufus B. Weaver, the best friend the students of Hahnemann ever had, belongs undoubtedly to the medical and scientific world; but we, "his boys" of "Old Hahnemann," in our selfish love for him, think of him as Our Dr. Weaver, Our Grand, Good, Old Man, the friend of every one of us and the idol and pride of our institution.

Isaac G. Shallcross, M.D., '87.

*Gentlemen of the Class of* 1921 *of Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia*:

In asking me to contribute to your class book you confer upon me an honor which I truly appreciate, and you impose upon me a duty which brings with it a real pleasure. If I can offer you a few thoughts which will be "worth while," which will help perhaps both you and me to realize more conscientiously the great responsibility resting upon us as guardians of human weal, then my humble effort will indeed bring me pleasure. Let us remember the words of Cicero: "Homines ad deos nulla re proprius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando." "There is no way by which men can approach nearer to the gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow-creatures."

Gentlemen of the Class: I offer you my congratulations upon your entrance to the profession of medicine. I know that you possess a high degree of medical happiness and I know that a greater and ever increasing degree of professional happiness awaits you in the future. Your professional happiness is destined to increase by leaps and bounds as you become initiated more and more in the wonderful mysteries of the healing art, whose kaleidoscopic features present irresistible attractions to the scientific mind.

Therefore, I offer you my sincere congratulations and you may be pleased to know that a goodly portion of my own professional happiness is due to my college relations with you. It is always a pleasure for me to see the students whom I have conscientiously instructed reap the reward of their arduous college work, graduate and start on their life of mercy and of charity. The reward of college work is the diploma; the reward of a life of self-sacrifice cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, nor in earthly honors and tribute and the human heart, ofttimes bursting with gratitude and overflowing with affection, must be turned to, though filled with gold, nevertheless, it is empty and void. And sometimes the heart, too, is found wanting and the physician's skill and merciful care go unrewarded, at least in this life.

And so, my dear friends, I welcome you to our ranks, assuring you that there is plenty of room amongst us for men of brain and of brawn. Where is there a profession or an occupation that taxes both the mind and the body so strenuously as the practice of medicine? You have chosen hard work, but I assure you the reward is worth the labor. I ask you to be everything that an ideal physician should be; to possess the requisite up-to-date knowledge of matters medical that you may be a credit to your profession and a benefactor to the public, to be a gentleman, sufficiently polished in manners and in garb, in speech and in act, that you may uphold the dignity of your rank and calling; to be professional, ethical, dealing honorably with your brother practitioners, spurning all professional jealousies and puerile animosities which ofttimes belittle the physician and soil his honor and fair name.

May this year be to each of you the beginning of a professional life fraught with success and reward. Such will it be if you possess "a peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience"; and if you keep yourself "unspotted from the world"; such will it be if you remember that the science of medicine requires of its devotees a sound mind in a sound body, coupled with a live conscience, a tender heart and a spirit of self-sacrifice. And now,

*"The grace of heaven,*
*Before, behind thee and on every hand,*
*Enwheel thee round!"*

HERBERT L. NORTHROP, M.D., '89.

## WILLIAM ALEXANDER PEARSON, Ph. C., Ph. D., M. D.

Born in Van Wert, Ohio.

Educated in Public School and High School in Van Wert, Ohio; University of Michigan, Ph.C., 1900; Ph.D., 1902; Hahnemann Medical College of Pacific, M.D., 1915.

Research Chemist, Dept. of Experimental Medicine, Parke Davis & Co., Detroit, Mich., 1902-06.

Professor of Chemistry, Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Mich., 1906-08.

Chief Chemist, Smith, Kline, French Co., Phila., 1908-12.

Professor of Chemistry, H. M. C., 1909—, Dean, 1912—.

Joint Author, Platt and Pearson, Chemistry.

Chairman, Scientific Section, Phila. Section, American Pharmaceutical Association, 1910-11.

Chairman, Phila. Section American Chemical Society, 1920.

Member—American Institute of Homeopathy, American Chemical Society, American Pharmaceutical Association, Society of Biological Chemists, Southern Homeopathic Medical Association, Pennsylvania State Homeopathic Medical Society, Association of American Clinical Research, 32nd degree Mason, Pennsylvania Chapter Sigma Xi, City Club of Philadelphia.

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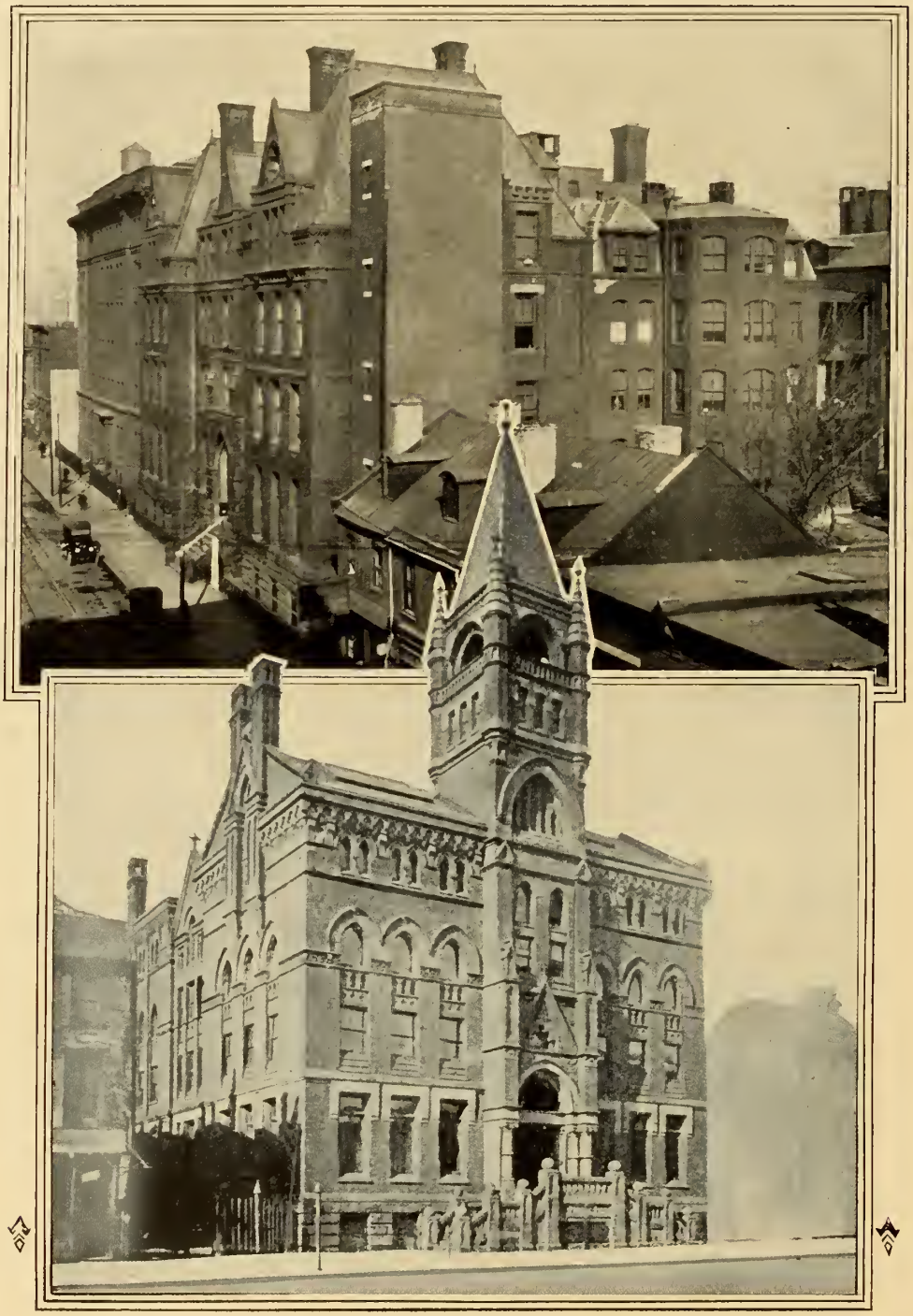
## AN APPRECIATION.

As we look back and think of the long happy days we have spent in Hahnemann College, we recall with pleasure the faces of many men who have proven themselves to be true friends of the students. Among them there is one standing out prominently; he was the first man to greet us when we applied for a medical education; he extended to us a welcoming hand in the name of the Faculty and soon he became to us not the Dean of Hahnemann College only, but one of our most valued friends. As we look back on our five years of intimate association with Dean Pearson we feel that to-day we know him and respect him more than ever before, especially since our term in college has acquainted us with some few of the difficulties and hardships of his position. Respected and trusted by the Faculty, he has done more toward making the student body what it should be, both in regard to numbers and qualifications, than any other man.

He has organized and developed an important part of our college work by obtaining capable instructors and efficiently developing a high class Pre-Medical School.

Having worked with us and for us so long, we feel confident that he will overlook our faults and remember only our good qualities.

We wish to congratulate ourselves that Dr. Pearson was Dean of Hahnemann all through our course, and we sincerely hope for the fortune of future classes, that he will continue Dean of the "Greatest Medical College in the World" for many years to come.



CHARLES DENNIS BARNEY

Born in Sandusky, Ohio, July 9th, 1844. Son of Charles and Elizabeth Caldwell (Dennis) Barney.

Educated in Sandusky Public School and University of Michigan.

Married Laura E. Cooke. Children—Dorothea, born May 8th, 1871; Elizabeth, born June 29th, 1872; Katherine, born Oct. 27th, 1873; Emily, born Jan. 16th, 1876; Laura, born June 12th, 1878; Carlotta, born May 2nd, 1885.

Commenced business as a clerk and bookkeeper with the Second National Bank, Sandusky; then clerk with Jay Cooke & Co., and finally established his own firm of Charles D. Barney & Co., Philadelphia, in Dec., 1873, from which he retired July 1st, 1907.

Member of the Union League, Huntingdon Valley, Bankers of America, Ohio Society of Philadelphia, and New York Penna. Soc. (N. Y.) N. E. Society of Penna.

President of Board of Trustees, Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital.

Residence, Ogontz, Pa.

## IN MEMORIUM

WILLIAM BIRD VAN LENNEP, M. D.

Born December 5, 1853
Died January 9, 1919
Professor of Surgery 1894-1919

# FACULTY

## SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

Rufus B. Weaver, A.M., M.D., Sc.D., Professor of Applied Anatomy and Head of the Department of Anatomy.
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Clarence Barlett, M.D., Professor and Head of the Department of Medicine.
John J. Tuller, M.D., Professor and Head of the Department of Neurology and Psychiatry.
Isaac G. Shallcross, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor and Head of the Department of Laryngology, Rhinology, Ophthalmology and Otology.
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John Edwin James, Jr., B.S., M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor and Head of the Department of Obstetrics.
Frank H. Widman, M.D., Registrar, Professor and Head of the Department of Physiology.

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C. Sigmund Raue, M.D., Professor of Pediatrics.
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John V. Mershon, Professor of Orthodontia.
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G. Morris Golden, M.D., Clinical Professor of Medicine.
Nathaniel F. Lane, M.D., F.A.C.S., Clinical Professor of Gynæcology.
Harry S. Weaver, M.D., F.A.C.S., Clinical Professor of Laryngology and Rhinology.
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Harry M. Eberhard, M.D., Clinical Professor of Gastro-Enterology.
Warren C. Mercer, M.D., F.A.C.S., Clinical Professor of Obstetrics.

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Deacon Steinmetz, M.D., F.A.C.S., Associate Professor of Surgery.
W. Lawrence Hicks, M.D., Associate Professor of Nervous Diseases.
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William Steele, M.D., Associate Professor of Medicine.
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Oscar Seeley, M.D., F.A.C.S., Associate Professor of Laryngology and Rhinology.
Joseph V. F. Clay, M.D., F.A.C.S., Associate Professor of Otology.
Percy A. Tindall, M.D., Associate Professor of Ophthalmology.
Frank O. Nagle, A.M., M.D., Associate Professor of Ophthalmology.

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Duncan Campbell, A.B., M.D., Lecturer on Medical Terminology.
Nathan M. Griffith, A.B., Attorney-at-Law, Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence.
William F. Baker, A.M., M.D., Lecturer on Non-Pharmacal Therapeutics.
John A. Brooke, Lecturer on Mechano Therapeutics.
William I. Tomlinson, M.D., Lecturer on Obstetrics.
David W. Horn, Ph.D., Lecturer in Hygiene.
J. Lewis Van Tine, M.D., Lecturer in Materia Medica.
Clarence R. Smith, M.D., Lecturer on Clinical Medicine.
Wayne T. Killian, M.D., Lecturer in Pharmaco Dynamics and Instructor in Anaesthesia.

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Arthur Hartley, M.D., Demonstrator of Surgery.
Aubrey B. Webster, M.D., Demonstrator of Surgery.
O. F. Barthmaier, M.D., Demonstrator of Pathology.
George A. Hopp, M.D., Demonstrator of Pathology and Bacteriology.
Oliver B. Wait, M.D., Demonstrator of Obstetrics.
Earl B. Craig, M.D., Demonstrator in Gynæcology.
Clarence V. Clemmer, M.D., Demonstrator of Obstetrics.
Joseph Hunter Smith, M.D., Demonstrator of Obstetrics.
A. G. C. Stetson, M.D., Demonstrator of Obstetrics.
L. E. Marter, M.D., Demonstrator of Laryngology and Rhinology.
J. P. Craig, M.D., Demonstrator of Laryngology and Rhinology.
Chas. H. Robelin, M.D., Demonstrator of Ophthalmology.
William M. Sylvis, M.D., Demonstrator of Surgical Pathology and Instructor in Surgery.
Leon Clemmer, M.D., Demonstrator of Obstetrics.
Asa F. Copeland, M.D., Demonstrator of General Pathology.
G. Chapin Jenkins, M.D., Demonstrator of Bacteriology.

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Maximilian Roedman, M.D., Instructor in Genito-Urinary Diseases.
Frank F. Barthmaier, M.D., Instructor in Surgery and in Anæsthesia.
J. Miller Kenworthy, M.D., Instructor in Genito-Urinary Diseases.
M. J. Nevinger, M.D., Instructor in History of Medicine.
B. B. Fennimore, M.D., Instructor in Medicine.
Raymond St. E. Hunter, M.D., Instructor in Genito-Urinary Diseases.
Frank E. Bristol, M.D., Instructor in Rœntgenology.
Chas. J. V. Fries, M.D., Instructor in Ophthalmology.
Marion W. Benjamin, M.D., Instructor in Ophthalmology.
Fred. C. Peters, M.D., Instructor in Ophthalmology.
E. S. Hallinger, M.D., Instructor in Laryngology and Ophthalmology.
Francis T. Krusen, M.D., Instructor in Laryngology and Ophthalmology.

Cyrus W. Truxal, M.D., Instructor in Medicine.
Harland C. Nicholson, M.D., Instructor in Medicine.
H. F. Heinkel, M.D., Instructor in Physical Diagnosis.
Chas. B. Hollis, M.D., Instructor in Laryngology and Rhinology.
Horace F. Ewing, M.D., Instructor in Anæsthesia.
Everett A. Tyler, M.D., Instructor in Anæsthesia.
Joseph S. Hepburn, A.B., A.M., B.S., Ph.D., Assistant to Director of Hering Laboratory.

We also wish to express our indebtedness to the following members of the Hospital and Dispensary Staffs:

Francis C. Benson, M.D.
Frank E. Bristol, M.D.
James B. Bert, M.D.
Thomas H. Carmichael, M.D.
Joseph R. Criswell, M.D.
Donald R. Ferguson, M.D.
Frank R. Fleming, M.D.
James M. Godfrey, M.D.
Carroll F. Haines, M.D.
N. Fuller Hoffman, M.D.
Wilmer C. Kipe, M.D.
John J. McKenna, M.D.
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Frederick G. Stubbs, M.D.
Paul C. Wittman, M.D.
Harold A. Taggart, M.D.
Carl V. Vischer, M.D.
R. Albert Walther, M.D.

*Resident Physicians and Surgeons*

Thomas L. Doyle, M.D., Chief Resident
John Aloysius Doyle, M.D.
Edwin Sartain Gault, M.D.
William Helweg Guillium, M.D.
Edward Clarence Kern, M.D.
Harry Berst Mark, M.D.
Fred Hartzell Martz, M.D.
Albert Mutch, M.D.
Edward Smithers Ross, M.D.
John Barratt Townsend, M.D.

## LINES TO THE UPPER JAW

Breathes there a man with mind so dazed,
Who on this upper jaw hath gazed,
And cannot tell with half a look
That here we have a nasal hook?
A fossa here, its name canine,
That here we have a nasal spine?
That here are holes, in number eight,
With which the teeth articulate?
Below this edge, called orbital,
The infraorbital canal,
And now within, seen through a door,
We have the antrum of Highmore.
The palate process here is shown,
Behind which is the palate bone,
While in the outer wall is tucked
A channel for the nasal duct.
Breathes there a man with mind so dazed,
Who on this upper jaw hath gazed,
And cannot tell these points at once?
Why! such a man must be a dunce.

HERBERT L. NORTHROP, M.D.

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## LINES TO A HUMAN SKELETON

Behold this ruin! 'twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear
Has left one trace of record here.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
That silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or, with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the grin
Can nothing now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
And comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer mead shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth and fame.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye.
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed.
That eye shall be forever bright
When sun and moon have lost their light.

Avails it, whether bare, or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned
And home to virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

ANONYMOUS.

# Pre-Meds

Nowadays it is called "First Year Science Class," but we were just "Pre-Meds." It seems like 10,000 years ago, but really it was on October 1st, 1916, that we became party to a debate. Our antagonist was a man who wore big spectacles and could talk—I said—he could talk. After the debate was over, that is, when Dr. Bernstein had finished, he had convinced us that we were "the biggest bunch of h-ell raisers that ever came to these hallowed halls, or words to that effect. There's nothing like getting a reputation and then trying to live it down; or else live up to it.

We decided to live up to our reputation—so we elected Day Pres. with Sage, Darby and Miller as his lieutenants. Oh boy! wasn't that some election? Now, who was the man that ran for every office (as he said) just to increase the number of candidates.

It would sound good to say that after the election, we settled down to hard work, but we didn't. The big town was too big; there were too many new and strange sights to be seen and, best of all, we had so many good fellows in our class to get acquainted with.

Then there were the Professors! Good old "Pop" Gordan, who had the only dope on the "Root of all Evil," and incidentally held the Chair of Physics. After Dr. Gordan's death a high brow physicist by the name of Schmidt taught physics and didn't he change that curriculum from one of joy to utmost gloom? Remember that day in physics lab. when Prof. Smith was trying his hardest to explain all about the little ions in a mass B and the electrons in a little M and the molecules in a big P? Weren't we the heartless brutes that day? And how a few bright chaps used to work out those tough physics problems and then we'd all write them in our books and everybody get a 100. "In Union there is Strength." And how about the Chemistry Lab., presided over by Dr. Griffin? When Becker asked him, "Doctor, might this be hydrogen?", Griff said, "It might be Oxygen or it might be ——." And that sarcastic "cuss" at the stock room window who passed out broken test tubes and gladly knocked off another "two bits" from that elastic caution fee. Happy Days!

But Oh! Couldn't we make that Lab. smell? Why, we liberated $H_2S$ and $SO_2$ to our heart's content. I'm sure that when we wake up in the hereafter with the tem-

perature 2400 degrees C. and burning brimstone all around, we'll just rub our eyes and cry, "Hello, here I am, back again in the Chemistry Lab. Where's the Dean?"

And lastly who can ever forget that gifted linguistic artist, Dr. Hopp(e). We pronounced it with silent e, but the big chief always used two syllables—eg querulously—(You know he wasn't married then), "Hoppe tell that Pre-Med. Class to keep quiet." Do you remember those great big "alley rabbits" which were pickled in formalin and had such a sweetly intoxicating odor? How we went out with our black enameled trays and returned with an order of stewed cats. The picture of Dave McGarvey's imitation of the negro waiter with the shuffling walk will live forever. And then after we had made lots of nice handy pieces out of the pussies, didn't we have some wonderful games of ball? Jack Toomey and Joe Shallcross were the pitchers and we were the cat-chers. We had no fielders and thank Heaven the windows were open. Wonder what would have happened if Dr. Sappington had walked in while one of our games was on. (By the way—who did put that Luden's Cough Drop in the jar of specimens?)

The students' host, "Molly" Irwin, entertained us in English Literature. He smoked cigarettes, drank tea, wore pajamas and Bah Jove! he was a regular he-man.

Dr. Bornemann, who taught Plants, took us on some wonderful trips, and we learned that there were 8 perfectly wonderful girls in Norwood; that ice cream sodas could still be bought for a nickel, and that underneath a shady tree is the best place in the world to play pinochle. And that reminds me— "The Smoking Room," where a fellow could always find at least 3 others to cut lectures to play pinochle, start an argument or get some much needed sleep. Say, did Shallcross and Kutteroff really use signals or was it just luck?

Summing up the Pre-Med. Year one cannot truthfully say that we all loved one another. No class constituted as we were could have started off like 60 brothers. We had our fights, but after they were over we were much better friends and could even dimly recognize that perhaps the other fellow may have been right. It took this year to teach us that we couldn't get along unless we stood together in all things.

"In the beginning there was darkness——." Read on and find out how we acquired light.

CHARLES F. KUTTEROFF.

# Frosh.

Opening exercises of the College were held the evening of September 30th, 1917. The Freshman class assumed its duties with a roll of sixty members, some of our former classmates having been unable to return and resume their studies, but in place of these few the class opened its arms in welcome to

Paul D. Bier, University of Pittsburgh.
Raymond Briggs, University of Pittsburgh.
Allan B. Dalton, Dickinson College.
John J. Elliott, Medico Chi. College.
Orvil F. George, University of Pittsburgh.
Govinda S. Hiwale, Ursinus.
Russell M. Houck, Ursinus.
Wm. M. Pierson, Delaware State College.
George Edwin Shetrone, Cornell.
E. Roland Snader, Jr., Haverford.
Boone Thomas, returned after absence of one year.
John Thompson, Juniata.
George F. Wright, Juniata.
Robert H. Wymer, Juniata.

Everyone felt an honest pride on being medical students, but this enthusiasm was somewhat quelled on being informed that the hour from 9 to 10 every morning was to be devoted to College English under the direction of Prof. Irwin.

"The mills of the Gods grind slowly, but grind exceeding small." So the great Medical wheels started for us on the morning of October 1st; 9 o'clock, English; 10 o'clock, a lecture by our Dean, Dr. Pearson,and at eleven, laboratory work in Chemistry; we were destined to this schedule throughout the entire first semester. However, everyone enjoyed the work thoroughly and especially as the laboratory work progressed and the Keldjahl nitrogen determination began to play an important role. Round table discussions were in vogue during the period of distillation and great affairs of the hour were discussed by worthy and able debaters; among the foremost were: Charles Kutteroff, Burgess and Szall—some of the subjects of discussion being socialism, psychology, religion, immortality, hypnotism, reincarnation and the faculty's weather prognostications for June.

Five afternoons of the week we were receiving a good grilling in Histology under

the able direction of Dr. Steinhilber, to whom we all became very much attached. However, we were doomed to disappointment as Dr. Steinhilber had enlisted in the Medical Reserve Force of the Army and had been called to active duty to do research work at the Rockefeller Institute. In appreciation of his personal interest displayed toward our class, we, as a class, presented a beautiful gold wristwatch to him before his departure. Dr. Muhly, Professor Emeritus of Histology, temporarily filled the Chair to complete our course.

At this time various local boards of the Selective Service Army draft were calling registered men into active service, and as a consequence the eligible men of our class patriotically enlisted before being called; Shollenberger, Kline, Kistler, Wells and Murray left us, but returned in the Spring at the Government's order and completed their studies during the summer of 1918, thus enabling them to continue with the class as sophomores in the fall. Kline, Klingensmith and Lessig were not so fortunate in being sent back so promptly.

The hearty generosity and thoughtfulness of the class again manifested itself at Christmas, when a quantity of cigarettes was sent to every classmate in the service. In the absence of Shollenberger, Class President, McLaren acted pro tempore. Govind S. Hiwale, the brown caucasian from Bombay, India, was introduced to our class in November and received with class '21 spirit.

Throughout the year the boys of the class were headliners in athletics. They seemed to have an innate greed for football, bringing home the "bacon" from every battle upon the grid during the season. The Freshman baseball team defeated both Sophomore and Pre-Medical teams, thereby claiming honors as champions of the college. Five men of the class represented Hahnemann in the Penn relays on Franklin field, and took third place.

In the spring the Government launched the Third Liberty Loan and the class, regardless of the high cost of lunch and cigarettes, responded with a subscription of $9,000, and every man a bond-owner. Much credit is due Lynch, Snader and Dickinson for the success of this campaign.

During the second semester much of our time was occupied with Anatomy, Pharmacy and Physiological Chemistry, not forgetting, however, our classes in Embryology, where we learned of "Abe" Dalton's pristine ability to suck fertilized hen's eggs and to disrupt a perfectly orderly class with his "horseplay." In May our dear "Daddy" Dr. Rufus B. Weaver, personally presented to every member of the class a diploma in Practical and Surgical Anatomy, and a facsimile of the photograph of his dissection of the human nervous system, the possession of which is an honor to say the least.

So, "The freshest class that ever entered Hahnemann" continued the freshness, however, undergoing slow transition and taking form as ardent Hahnemann spirit and exceptionally good class co-operation. After the final examinations each and every member of the class, with straw hat in place and grip in hand, bade good-bye to his fellow, trusting that all would be fellows again in the fall.

C. Eugene Darby.

# Sophs.

The Sophomore year of the class began in a very unusual manner, for a unit of the Student's Army Training Corps had been established at Hahnemann. On opening night it was our pleasure to meet for the first time, Colonel John A. Lockwood, the Commanding officer of the new unit. On October first, 1918, we were sworn into the service. The appearance of most of the fellows after the first issue of uniforms was about as military as a flock of "wop" laborers at dinner at Kugler's and just as inconsistent. Anderson and "Hen" Goeken claimed they were compelled to spend the entire pay of the first month in order to look at least like human beings.

As a part of the unit we had a naval unit which Chief Petty Officer Miller managed.

The time spent in the S. A. T. C. was not without its fun, for there were many good times and lots of enjoyable pranks played on each other. Besides this there was a better knowledge of each other and we all discovered many things about the "other fellow" that made better friends of us all.

Early in the year the class reorganized and elected the following officers:

President, Shollenberger.
Vice-President, Goeken.
Secretary, Becker.
Treasurer, Lynch.

These men served the class in a way that was without fault, and served in a loyal and conscientious manner. To our officers we owe a debt for the manner in which they guided the class through one of the most trying of years.

In athletics the class held no mean position. Bill Day efficiently acted as manager of the football team and assisted Lieut. Hughes in coaching. Twelve members of the class were on the squad and all of them actually had the chance to play in the games. Due to the hindrance which the army had placed upon the scholastic work, there was more or less of a reaction and it was found that it would be rather a wise procedure to eliminate other forms of athletics in order to make up work. But, if this step had not been taken, it is self evident that the Class of Twenty-One would have been ready and willing to do its part.

The work of the year was a continuation of the Freshman year, and yet some-

what different in a few respects. The Class for the first time was introduced to Drs. Sappington and Hopp in the Pathological laboratory. Later Dr. Barthmaier appeared. Most of us learned a great deal. At any rate, some of us did. Scudder experienced some difficulty in distinguishing a staphlococcus from a diplococcus and "Alligator" Lichtenwalner frequently confused liver tissue with stratified squamus epithelium. But even these two at length became wiser. At the end of the First term we bid good-bye to the anatomical laboratory. Nevertheless, Dr. Weaver continued his lectures on Applied Anatomy throughout the year, and from him we learned scores of points, not found in any text-book, but culled from the ripe experience of over fifty years' service as a student and teacher of anatomy. Under Dr. Northrop, we received the didactic work in anatomy. This was the last course of lectures given by Dr. Northrop, who accepted the chair of surgery left vacant by the death of Dr. William B. Van Lennep. Dr. Platt and Dr. Pearson did the best they could to instil some Toxicology into the class.

In the musical clubs could be found any number of Sophomores. The Class modestly admits that said members were among the most competent in both Glee Club and Orchestra. Dean Pearson will bear witness to the fact that the musical ability of the class was not entirely confined to official channels. The entire class was on the job before each and every class. "Nearer My God to Thee" always seemed appropriate before examinations, but on other less momentous occasions the program rendered consisted of much lighter airs, which ranged from anything under the sun to everything above it. Bill Wells composed and stood sponsor to a number of selections which cannot be placed in print because he refuses to relinquish the copyright.

Socially, the class was not an infant, and the night of the Institute banquet they proved it. And wasn't that some night? Everybody knew the sophomores were there, didn't they? That was the time when synthetic eggs were in vogue. Surely you remember. At the dances held by the Institute and various classes the sophomores were well represented and demonstrated real ability in picking out the nicest girls.

When the end of the year came it found the Class receptive, for, in truth, it has been an arduous year and we had worked hard as well as played hard and a vacation was, indeed, well earned. Not without feelings of regret did we depart for our homes, but with the hope that the following year we would meet once again as Juniors and begin the last half of the long pull to a medical degree.

HAROLD J. MCLAREN.

# Juniors

To look back and think to ourselves. Yes, the Junior year is passed; we can't help but breath easier and rest more comfortably than we did when we were laboring in the midst of the year's exams, what we thought was the almost impassable barrier between the Sophomore class and a $30,000 (?) a year practice is passed. (Give 'em a yell!).

October 14th, 1919, the Junior class held its first regular meeting and the election of officers was held. The honored few whose duties it was to guide the class during the year were as follows:

R. T. Briggs, President.
E. H. Dickinson, Vice-President.
C. F. Lynch, Treasurer.
D. F. McGarvey, Secretary.

The officers and members of the class worked well together and much was accomplished. The item of paramount importance was the Class Book. It took considerable work to get the book started and under way. But it was done. The class lived up to its reputation which it established in other years. Nuff said. The class had the "pep," always did have, always will have. When there was anything doing the Junior class was there.

The real social events of the year were the Annual Banquet of Alumni and students and the Concert and Dance. The banquet was held at the Hotel Bingham and was one of the affairs we can't forget.

The concert and dance was given at the Bellevue-Stratford by the Combined Musical Clubs of the Lafayette and Hahnemann Colleges.

The Juniors were well represented in both the Glee Club and Orchestra, and had the largest representation in the Glee Club of any class at school (Red Hunter).

The class also had their share of men on the Basket Ball, Football teams, etc.

So that taking everything into consideration, Day and Cohen included, the Class was there.

To enumerate the humorous instances of the year would be an endless task, for no day was complete without them.

We yet recall how the loyal members of the class had worked out to the minute

detail how two of the professors could give their final exams at the same time. But I still insist that our Titan haired friend and classmate was sincere in his endeavor and had the interest of the class at heart.

To even mention the names of Dr. Haines, Dr. Max Roedman and Nath. Griffith, immediately brings to our mind many an enjoyable laugh, and the happy side of our Junior year. For they would make Mark Twain and Al Jolson turn green with envy.

When we look back through the years we will have brought to our minds those days (and exams) when we were Juniors. We will recall, too, the faces and associations of classmates and profs, and it will be with reluctances that we dismiss those visions.

But for the present we are extremely gratified and satisfied that like Shakespeare, history doesn't repeat.

DAVID F. MCGARVEY.

# Seniors

At Last! We have secured what seemed to us at one time so far away that we gazed with awe upon one who might perchance have managed to become a Senior; nevertheless, we have arrived.

After a couple of weeks we all managed to get our schedule in proper working order and find out where we were to be each hour. Only two men failed to get into harness at once. Of course, "Abie" was one of these, but the big "Pennsylvania Dutchman from Auburn, N. J." gave him a close race for the greatest number of mis-steps and false entries.

The trip to Allentown was taken, and although we all managed to live through it, still there were some who might have been classed as "Damaged Goods" at the end of that memorable week.

Notes of O. B. S. came to us—— "Bob" Wymer says he thinks it was a darn dirty trick to call him out on an O. B. S. case the coldest night of winter and to give him the wrong address; into the bargain "Queenie" Shetrone used stronger words than Bob, and much as we would like to portray his sentiments, we fear the censors would delete his choice vocabulary. "Mrs." Bier, the "most experienced midwife of us all," (his own words) received the munificent remuneration of two bits for his services on an O. B. S. case. But then he has nothing on "Dogbane" Dorsey who, while looking for the cause of a fever of uncertain etiology in one of the male patients, told Dr. Golden that it was probably due to a diseased Follopian tube. Damn it, Dors, can't we teach you anything?

Anderson seemed to grow thinner and thinner with each year and we hardly expected to see him at all this year, but to our surprise, he claims he gained three ounces, and he really did look it. Since he took up residence with "Hank" Goeken, our "Hula wiggler," "Hank" couldn't seem to get any peace at all, because the boys do insist on pelting his bald dome with all sorts of stuff. I wouldn't stand for it "Hank."

Shollenberger and McCleary both pulled something over on the class by getting married during the Christmas holidays. Insomuch as their recent brides might not take any references to either of them in the jocular mood as intended, we deem it advisable to omit all reference to them. However, there are things that could be told. Ssh! Ssh! Cohen learned that it is unwise to feel about in the mouth of any patient who happens to enter the dispensary. We do hope Max escaped lightly. But some doubt exists. Pierson also learned from Dr. Craig that he was too fastidious regarding the use of gloves in examining patients. Shocking!!! "Morry" Shocking!

To cap all climaxes we had a host of distinguished visitors at one of our clinics during January. All these visitors wore hirsutic appendages and to quote one of our teachers a couple of them looked like Spanish cut-throats. The "power of observation" not being in use by the lecturer, he did not discover that these "strangers" were members of the Junior Class in disguise until after the other members of the staff told him. And did we get the devil? Sure we did. We were held up as the instigators of this "infamous imposture" and we really hadn't a thing to do with it. Really, though, we only gave the Juniors our places up front.

Perhaps you feel aggravated because your name isn't in print, but if so please remember there are many more like you and then again perhaps we know nothing about you which is "fit to print."

The officers elected this year were:

President, Kutteroff.
Vice-President, Anderson.
Secretary, McGarvey.
Treasurer, Middleton.
Corresponding Secretary, Pierson.

The Institute Banquet was one of the most successful during the history of the class and surpassed all previous efforts. We are indebted to Dr. Golden and Dr. Hunsicker and Dr. Leopold, as well as to our classmate Dickinson for its success.

The Commencement will be held in the evening as an innovation and a welcome change from the previous morning affairs. Although sufficient information is not at hand at this time, we are assured of one of the best and most pretentious graduations for many years. We are greatly indebted to Dr. Harry Weaver for his interest and work in our behalf.

This last year which we have spent together in "Old Hahnemann" will always be remembered through the years that may come and although there are many of us who may never meet again, we will always feel the bond of fellowship that exists in the class of 1921.

HAROLD J. MCLAREN.

## IN MEMORIUM

ARTHUR EMERY BURGESS

Born July 8th, 1897

Died August 19, 1918

## LINES

(With sincerest apologies to H. L. Northrop, M.D.)

Breathes there a man with mind so dazed,
Who on this volume hath not gazed,
And cannot tell with half a look
That here we have a rare Class Book?
A Class Book here, that's yours and mine,
That we know will stand the test of time?
That here are pages, one twenty-eight,
Of everything right up to date?
From the thoughtful editorial—
To the finest kind of first class Bull,
And now and then a picture or
A good cartoon to make you sore.
The mental process here is shown
Of what so many thought was bone,
While on the pages here are tucked
The work of many who were ducked.
Breathes there a man with mind so dazed
Who on this Class Book hath not gazed,
And hurriedly paid his five at once,
Why! such a man must be a dunce.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Compare closely with Lines to an Upper Jaw on page 27.

## FRED EMIL ABBOTT

Carnegie, Pa.

Born in Carnegie, March 3, 1894.

Carnegie High School, 1913; Carnegie Institute of Technology, 2 years, Ex. 1917; Pittsburgh Academy, 1916.

Pi Upsilon Rho.

*"Fred"*

*"Still the world is wondrous large,—seven seas from marge to marge,—*
*And it holds a vast of various kinds of man."*

He began with us many years ago in the Pre-Med. year, and ever since our beginning as a class he has headed the roll. This is some feat, for as Fred says, "It is a terrible sensation to be the first." However, there is some consolation, Freddie, for you will be the first to graduate, and right here let us all utter a prayer for Ziegler if they run out of diplomas.

That reminds us. Take a look at the name of the first man and then the last man listed on our roll. They have been the same since the beginning of our class. Must be something in being German after all, for these two outposts have withstood the onslaught of the enemies' light and heavy artillery and gas attacks for the last four years and have needed reinforcements seldom. We ask you to consider the slaughter if it had not been for these two valiant Prussian guards.

Despite this Fred has been the inaugurator of several fads. Most sensational of these is his black moustache. In an effort to instruct the less experienced members of the class in this respect, he shaves it off every now and then and grows another one. Some hard-hearted wretch has endeavored to prove the cause of this. 'Tis rumored that Fred finds it convenient to move from one rooming-house to another at frequent intervals. However, we do feel that the disguise is inefficient, for we believe that anyone would know Fred by his smile.

He always smiles, notwithstanding his precarious position as leader of the roll. Our advice is never to lose that smile and you will be successful in life—as you have been in college.

## RUSSEL SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Kane, Pa.

Born in Kane, July 23, 1895.

Kane High School, 1916.

Glee Club (PM), (1), (2), (3), (4); Manager (4).

Class Notes Editor (2); Class V. President (4).

Pi Upsilon Rho; Greendale Country Club, Kane, Pa.

*"Andy"*

*"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."*

If you want to see Andy you must be sure that your eyes are 60/40 and woe to the man who is cross-eyed; he will not see Andy at all,—for he is the thinnest man in the class. We do not blame him for this, for he has attempted to overcome this infirmity by living with Hank Goeken during the Senior year. Also, Andy eats as much as any man in the class and has tried all the restaurants in Philadelphia, and it is whispered about that he is going to steal Hank's formula. We wish to prescribe—2/3 cream and 1/3 milk, with one ounce of lactose: eight ounces every four hours.

Is he married? The eternal question as usual. He says that he is not; his actions confirm his words, but he has that worried, hen-pecked appearance so characteristic of the state, that we are exceedingly uncertain. Nevertheless, he has the dry Scotch humor which surmounts all such small difficulties as married life, exams, etc., and therefore we have hope. He knows more jokes than any fellow in the class, can see the funny side of any situation, and has a humorous remark for every stage of the game.

Andy's chief ambition in life is to see a certain doctor in Kane, Pa., eating out of his hand. Every now and then he raves about the injustice of this man's monopoly of the Kane trade. Armed with his diploma, immaculate attire, and a knowledge of psychology, he is headed for Kane. We are confident that Andy will pay half of this gentleman's income tax in future years—just to save him the trouble.

## CARL KLINE BECKER

Manheim, Pa.

Born at Manheim, January 31, 1894.

Manheim High School, 1909; Mercersburg Academy, 1 year, Ex. 1914; Ursinus College, 1 year, Ex. 1915.

Class Secretary (2).

*"Carl," "Beck"*

*"And still the wonder grew*
*That one small head could carry all he knew."*

Carl Becker is one of the seven wonders of the class. We all admire him for his diligent effort to learn all there is to know about medicine in four years—and he has come a lot closer to it than the rest of us.

When Carl came to us he was an illustrious example of a nice boy, but oh! what a change. We can recall on three occasions when he has shown his humanity. He really said "Darn" in freshman year when he broke the Van Slyke apparatus to the tune of $10.00. And horrors! Be it written in the annals of the class that he was once tried and convicted of using profane language. It was in the dissecting room in sophomore year when Carl dropped a newly sharpened scalpel. Dr. Fleming acted as Judge and pronounced the verdict of "Guilty" as brought in by a jury of Day, Sykes, Hunter, George and Anderson. And Beck throws snowballs, and isn't it unfortunate that once in a while they hit a member of the faculty. Certainly apologies were in order; but, think of it, they were never forthcoming.

Honestly Beck is a fine fellow, and we are very glad to have had him with us as our classmate. When you know Beck he is pure gold and we predict that we all will be proud to have been a classmate of Carl Becker.

## PAUL DECKER BIER

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Born in Pittsburgh, July 13, 1891.

Pittsburgh High School, 1910; University Pittsburgh, A. B., 1914.

Prospective Specialty—Surgery and Obstetrics.

Pi Upsilon Rho; Phi Kappa Pi.

*"Beer," "Suds," "Corporal"*

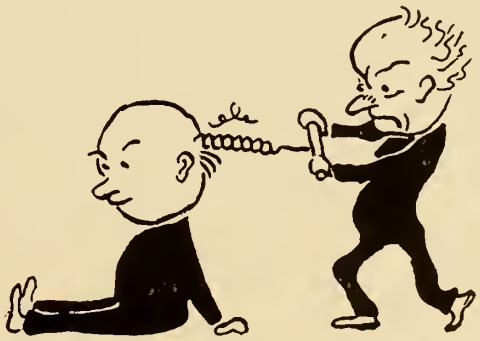
*"Indeed he hath an excellent good name."*

Paul had not breathed the free air of Philadelphia long before he made himself known to us. He had the latest information on all questions pertaining to college work. To Paul's bureau all of us applied—until we knew better. It did not take us long to learn that he knew no more than the rest of us and that it was only his cock-eyed way of imparting information that impressed us. However, he developed into a good advertising agent for the firm of George and Hiwale.

During his early days at Hahnemann, Paul used to quiet his attacks of homesickness by adjourning into the Chemistry Lab. and inhaling its noxious odors to his heart's desire. Lately, since this privilege has been denied all of us—thanks to the Dean—he has taken to smoking a pipe, that threatens to outdo McLaren's, with renewed vigor.

Paul used to get his emotional boosts from the drama at certain well known theatres, but now he gets letters from home regularly and spends a lot of his spare time answering them.

A loyal friend and without a single enemy, we feel that the class has been benefited by his presence. Ever ready to help when within his power to do so, and with a disposition never yet known to be ruffled, we feel sure that he will be a successful physician in the Smoky City.



## RAYMOND THOMAS BRIGGS

Warren, Pa.

Born in Warren, May 3, 1892.

Warren High School, 1913; University of Pittsburgh, 3 years, Ex. 1917.

Football (1), (2), (3); Basketball (1), (2), (3), (4); Track (2), (3).

Class President (3); Associate Editor Class Record (4).

Alpha Sigma; Phi Rho Sigma.

*"Ray," "Baldy"*

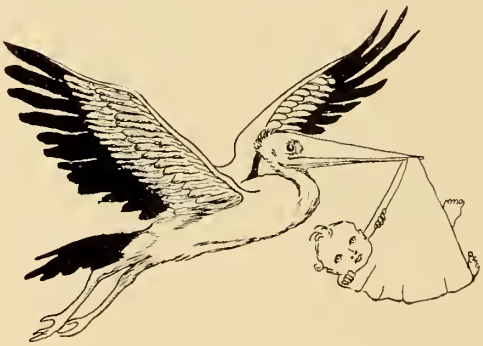
*"Life's a jest and all things show it;*
*I thought so once and now I know it."*

Ray—merely another member who combs his hair with a towel; better known among the four hundred as "Baldy."

As an infant he showed no particular tendency toward a professional career other than an inherent fondness for his nurse. How marvelously adequate does the guiding light of Providence steer our juvenile footsteps to the desert of life's bill-of-fare!

Ray came to Hahnemann after enjoying some preliminaries at the University of Pittsburgh. Our acquaintance has been progressive, yet seasoned with mystery. Never in this epoch of our mutual association have we fathomed his irresistible fondness for either Green St. or young, roast, virgin Vermont duck. Presumably time alone will focus a bright ray of truth on these points.

As to his accomplishments aside from scholastic, few words will say much. Sergeant Hahnemann S. A. T. C., football and basketball star and once Class President.



As the propagator of those smiles measured in yards, he has but few rivals in our midst. Nevertheless, expounding his further idiosyncrasies and submitting them to print would be irrational and unwise. So, Ray, old onion, we wish you prosperity and trust that your sojourns among men (and women) will bring naught but happiness and many a "home run" for the sons of Aesculapeus.

## JOHN ALOYSIUS CARROLL

Cumbola, Pa.

Born in Cumbola, April 3, 1893.

Pottsville High School, 1910; East Stroudsburg State Normal School, 1911.

Phi Alpha Gamma.

*"Oatmeal," "Johnnie," "Sock"*

*"The cows and cattle were his only care*
*And his supreme delight a county fair."*

John is a great believer in the nutritional value of oatmeal. It is his favorite morning dish. We do not know what he hopes to accomplish by his persistent pursuit of this peculiar saw-dust. Possibly he is an advertising agent in disguise.

John's experimentation with typhoid bacilli should make him an authority on this subject, and it will be remembered by the members of the class for a long time. He absolutely proved that large doses of typhoid bacilli, taken by mouth, are virulent, despite prophylactic injections.

This member of our class vehemently denies any fondness for the ladies, but rumor has it that he is composing a comp. entitled, "The Modern Lover's Guide." We suspect that he is collecting facts from his roommates Sholley and McLaren. This book should be invaluable if our suspicions are true.

Carroll expects to engage in general practice in the "coal regions." He is to be congratulated on this unusual ambition; we had almost felt that there would be a surfeit of surgeons in this good old land of ours, and surely we need someone who feels that he knows enough to prescribe for a headache. We especially feel the need of such a man after we have arrived this far down the list of write-ups and you will, we fear, after you have reached the end of this volume. May good fortune and success attend him.

MAX COHEN

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born in Novo-Ushitza, Russia, May 29, 1894.
Central High School, Philadelphia, B. S., 1916.

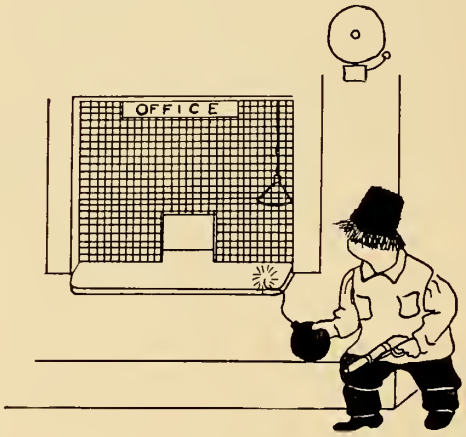
Pi Upsilon Rho.

*"Max," "Bolshevick"*

*"Here we have him, ladies and gentlemen, the only—."*

Let us introduce you to a short, dark-complexioned Russian. Let us say here, at the very beginning, that there is only one fault that we can find with Max, and that is, that nothing is modern except Bolshevism and nothing good unless it is sanctioned by the Soviet of Russia. Despite this, Max is a pretty good fellow. He enjoys study, raves over the opera, loves the women and is always ready for an argument. Never argue with Max. He always wins. There is bound to come a time when he will become so excited that despite his attempts at the sign language, you will not be able to understand what he is talking about and will have no answer to his arguments and you will retire in dismay.

Did we say that he loved the women? To our knowledge he was the only man in the class on our trip to Allentown to see the city from the inside of an automobile. Most of us saw the town from the inside of a brown bottle, but not Max.




Some day Max will get married (no doubt of that), and have a large family, and then we know his thoughts will turn to other things. The woman who marries Max won't have to reform him; he is a reformer himself. As they say in OBS., "God save the Queen." When this country becomes Bolshevistic, which it will not, Max will be the Lenine and Trotsky of America. He just can't help it, he was born that way.

## ALLAN BEETEM DALTON

Chester, Pa.

Born in Chester, November 28, 1893.

Chester High School, 1912; Dickinson College, A. B., 1916.

Football (1), (2); Capt. (3); Glee Club (1), (2), (3), (4).

Alpha Sigma; Kappa Sigma; Ravens Claw; Skull and Key.

*"A B," "Abe"*

*"An absent minded man is a good natured man."*

Gaze on the high, noble brow of our friend A. B. from Chester.

A. B.'s favorite pastime is making from three to six dates for the same evening, particularly if it happens to be a dance. This is merely a little lapse of memory, but has certainly involved him in a lot of hot water frequently. How are you going to keep track of your patients and your bills, A. B., unless you marry an expert accountant?

On New Year's Day, 1919, Abe made a resolution never to be late for college again. He started out well and absent-mindedly arrived at college a day ahead of every one else. On discovering that he had cheated himself of a whole day of vacation he decided resolutions were bad things. Since then he has been trying vainly to get that lost day out of the college roster. He claims that he has failed, but we are here to state that his attempts have been many and varied.

However, as one of his friends said, "He is a promising youth—always promising," and "with all his faults we love him still—particularly still." He has a disposition to be envied and a sense of fairness and honesty that is unusual, and we express the sentiment of the class when we say that the best wishes of the class are with you A. B.

## CHARLES EUGENE DARBY

Ocean City, N. J.

Born in Ocean City, July 8, 1898.

Ocean City High School, 1916.
Class Secretary (PM), (1) Glee Club (4).

Alpha Sigma; F. and A. M.; P. O. S. of A.

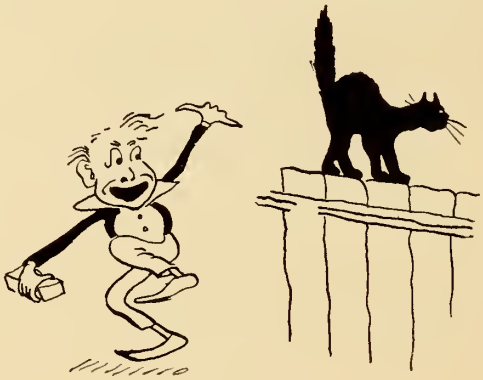
*"Gene"*

*"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."*

"C. Eugene Darby" makes a very impressive looking signature for a physician, doesn't it Gene? Some of us have long wondered what the "C" might mean, but never liked to ask for fear of resurrecting a family skeleton.

Gene comes from Ocean City and, if all the men in this resort are as good fellows as he, we can understand why the fair sex express a preference for the aforesaid resort. As a civic attraction he is largely responsible for the popularity of this beach.

The only unfortunate affair in Gene's medical career is the fact that he and Dimlich work as partners. This should be enough to "pall" anyone, but Gene has managed to survive even this and still harbor a smile. This fact alone should commend him to your attention. Why he has even been able to preserve his dry wit, which first attracted him to us, when he entered Hahnemann. His one objection to Hahnemann is that Dr. Hopp persists in changing his name to Derby, despite frequent protests on Gene's part. We all realize how sad it must be to have a perfectly good name so burlesqued, but we feel confident that you will make a good name for yourself in future years.



WILLIS BRONSON DAY
Utica, N. Y.

Born in Utica, January 24, 1892.

Utica Free Academy, 1911; Silver Bay Training School, D.P.E., 1912.

Basketball (PM), (1); Football (coach) S. A. T. C.; Glee Club (PM), (1), (2).

Class President (PM).

Prospective Specialty—Surgery, Orthopoedics and Medical Gymnastics.

Pi Upsilon Rho.

Married on September 18, 1920, to Hazel A. De Mott.

*"Bill"*

*"Thy everlasting yawns confess."*

We introduce him as the man who has more nerve than any other man in the class. Any man who gets married, even if it is to the Queen of Sheba, before his senior year, has what we call a colossal nerve. However, we knew it before he got married and did not need that proof. Some men appear to have nerve and others have great quantities of it, though it is not apparent, but Day is the quintessence of nerve; he has both kinds. We congratulate him for we cannot help but admire any man who is in any way our superior.

Day will undoubtedly be a successful practitioner, for he has those qualities that make for success. He has perseverance, acquired in the training of boys; a knowledge of physical culture, which is a distinct advantage; self-confidence, and also all of the aforesaid nerve. With these attributes added to a medical education obtained at the "best medical college in the world," we are at a loss to see how he can help but be successful.

We suggest that Day specialize in pediatrics. His knowledge of boys and his general manner and attitude should make him particularly successful in this field. Incidentally, Willis, we have heard that small boys can ask the greatest number of questions. Possibly you can enlighten us.

## EVERETT HOMER DICKINSON

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born in Philadelphia, October 2, 1897.

West Philadelphia High School, 1916.

Chairman of the Institute Banquet Committee (4); Class V. President (3); Asso. Editor Class Record (4); Class Golf Team (4).

Pi Upsilon Rho; Sigma Delta Rho; American Legion, Post No. 405, Phila.

*"Dick"*

*"If music be the food of love, play on."*

Perhaps the youngest member of the class is Surgeon Dickinson. This title is not due to any tendency to cut up, for Dick is one of the quietest of men (when he's not talking).

He is a dreamer of dreams. In class he sits quietly with a far away expression on his face until called upon to recite. However, dreams are permissible for the lovelorn. He has but recently become engaged.

Dick has been trying hard to grow up in time to graduate and has made really remarkable strides in the past few years. Always a shark in class, he has lately began to assert himself as a real he man and now plays a striking game of golf and puffs serenely upon a genuine Dunkill pipe.

In appearance Dick justifies his ancient name. His Grecian countenance is surmounted by a wealth of black hair and lighted by a pair of sparkling eyes. Record he has none as yet. Doesn't have time to grow one.

Doesn't have time for anything in fact, except—well, we forget her name, but here's to his future success.

## HERMAN KARL DIMLICH

Scranton, Pa.

Born in Scranton, January 2, 1898.

Scranton Central High School, 1916.
Glee Club (PM), (1), (2), (3), (4).

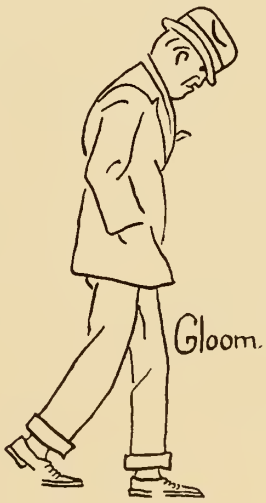
Alpha Sigma.

*"Gloomy Gus," "Karl"*

*"All the world am sad and dreary,*
*Everywhere I roam."*

Brushing the coal dust from his sleeve, our good friend Karl entered Hahnemann in 1916. Five long years have elapsed, during which time our contact has been so intimate that we feel justified in addressing this august personage without his proper title of "Mr." Now that Karl has become accustomed to our use of his Christian name, we feel that he will not be hurt if we fail to use his newly acquired title of "Dr." In fact, we hope that his feelings will not be irretrievably damaged if we call him our "Apprehensive Gus." He is a charter member of the gloom society along with Jing Johnson and Freddie Meng. In endeavoring to discover the cause of this psychosis, we have interviewed several of his intimates and learn that his general outlook on life improves after the August heat has subsided. One informant states that he could be happy if he tried, and that the lunar cycle has some bearing on his mood.

Karl, you know, is exceedingly quiet and unassuming, but with it all, has a dignified professional air, and we feel sure that he will become a noted M. D. of Scranton. In fact, he has said so little while he was at Hahnemann that we can quote his conversation in full,—"Keep this to yourself, don't tell anyone," "Just a minute, how are you fixed financially?", "I'll see you later about that little matter, you know, what we were talking about," "Well, if he makes a living in medicine, I ought to be able to."



## FRANK DONALD DORSEY

Mt. Airy, Md.

Born in Mt. Airy, June 28, 1895.

Conway Hall Collegiate Prep., 1914; Dickinson College, 2 years, Ex. 1918.

Alpha Sigma; Beta Theta Pi; Omega Chi; Skitchagenee.

*"Don," "Dogbane," "Horsey"*

*"I cannot check my maiden blush,*
*The color comes and goes."*

Now of the deeds that he did, and his joys and his griefs, the tale should tell no more, but Don is one of the Dickinson Hyphenates, which explains to some extent his Piedmont proficiency in "Lead Kindly Light" and "I Need Thee Every Hour." Don's persistence in wearing suspenders and substituting the time-honored eight-penny nail for buttons on his trousers, leads us to believe that the most formidable country practice would hold no thrills for him.

Horsey's disposition is a distinct asset to the class and to all who know him. There may be a few figures in the debit column of aching hearts, but Don cannot control the interpretations put upon his smiles. "All the world loves a lover." Don is the perfect lover of the class. His sweethearts are legion. He lays claim to at least one in every city and village that he has visited. Surely Adonis had nothing on him, for with a voice as sweet as an Aeolian harp, he sings, and lo, the feminine heart o'erflows with the emotions inspired by the love-longing in the songs of this impulsive lover.

Don is popular not only with the ladies. No indeed! Everybody is his friend, and he is a friend to everybody. To be a man's man and a ladies' man at the same time shows how versatile are his accomplishments. His personality is his secret to success and we predict that in future years much will be heard of him.

## JOHN JOSEPH ELLIOTT, JR.

Pottsville, Pa.

Born in Shenandoah, Pa., October 21, 1897.

Pottsville High School, 1915; Medico-Chirurgical College, 1 year, Ex. '20.

Football (1); Basketball (1); President Schuylkill County Club (4).

Pi Upsilon Rho.

*"Speed"*

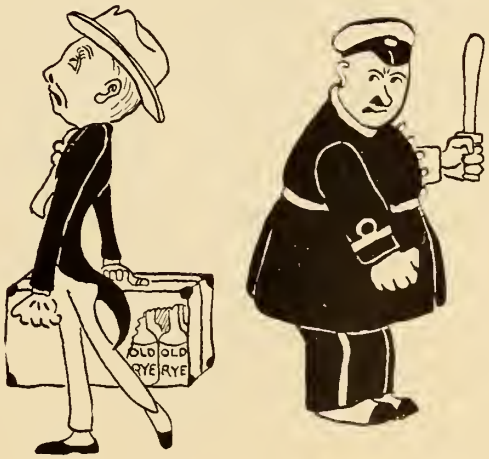
*"I cannot hide what I am."*

Although not an original son of Hahnemann, having been a sort of breech presentation from Medico Chi, this young son of Erin has earned himself a place of recognition in the eyes of his classmates. In spite of the fact that he arrived in this manner, we have an example of postral version, for since the change of position he certainly has headed in the right direction. Incidentally it looks as if he would come to full term and be the pride of his fond parents and the blue baby, (or whatever they call those prodigies that take first prize) of Pottsville.

In passing it may be said that his Alma Mater labored valiantly to deliver him intact without the aid of surgical procedure. The latest bulletins on the subject give us the simple statement that "Mother and child are doing well."

We feel sure that he will be self supporting from his infancy and an asset rather than a hindrance to his medical parent.

We hope the above parent will survive the shock and not develop Glenard's disease or encephalitis lethargicus. We feel sure that as an infant he will be a howling success and as he grows in medical wisdom will be an asset to his college.



## FULTON ORVILLE GEORGE

Millvale, Pa.

Born in Blairsville, Pa., July 7, 1893.

Mt. Pleasant High School, 1913; University of Pittsburgh, 3 years, Ex. 1917.

Pi Upsilon Rho.

Married on June 30, 1916, to Elsie Edgecomb. One daughter, Christine Ellen.

*"F. O.," "Shylock"*

*"Is your name Shylock?"*

F. O. George, the author of that well-worn book entitled "Medicine Made Easy." He is the most important man in the class at certain times and is an absolute necessity to our success. Always believing in team-work, the Class of 1921 readily fell in with the plans of this elongated specimen and the result has been startling. Even the laziest, poorest note-taker in the class can remain away days at a time and still have perfect lecture notes.

He is the leader in the trio of F. O. George and Co., promoters and salesmen of any article salable or otherwise. They have even been able to sell voluminous notes in psychiatry. If he keeps up at the rate he is going now F. O. should build a new college in a few years with his surplus earnings.

However, he has been a most useful member of the class and has undoubtedly saved many from a fall. We take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to him and to his associates, Govind, the salesman, and Suds Bier, the advertising representative, of the firm.

Did you ever read that book entitled "Tennessee Shad," by Hiram Johnson? If you ever desire more explicit information on our friend above, read it and then just believe us when we say that F. O. did all that Shad did and then some.

## HENRY FRANCIS GOEKIN

Lancaster, Pa.

Born in Newark, N. J., May 16, 1891.

Mount St. Mary's College, A.B., 1910; A.M., 1918; Special Course Penn State College, 1916; Special Course Western Reserve College, 1916.

Treasurer Institute (4); Class V. President (2).

Prospective Specialty—Urology.

Pi Upsilon Rho; Royal Arcanum; Pi Lambda; B. P. O. E., No. 134, Lancaster, Pa.

Married on November 8, 1916, to Elizabeth M. McLaughlin. One son, H. F., Jr.

*"Hank"*

*"Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,*
*Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst."*

Having committed matrimony in the early part of our wild Pre-Med. year, Hank early felt his responsibility and went in for all there was in the course. We might add that an early and successful experiment familyward must have intensified his earnestness.

Although the subject of this discussion holds the distinction of being on a par with Bill Day when it comes to asking fool questions, we become more willing to forgive him, for it as time dulls the edge of our righteous wrath.

Having seen our Hank in raiment that has ranged from evening clothes to the cute little outfit that Uncle Sam so kindly chased him all around Philadelphia to collect, we feel quite fitted to say that he is really good-looking. So we surely did appreciate it when the army shirts were discarded in the spring of 1920 and a haircut and a shave obtained and our hero came forth legitimately clothed and in his proper mind.

Being fat, he necessarily has a funny streak in his makeup. No one will ever forget those shimmy dances rendered only upon very special occasions and by very special request. Knowing Hank as we do, our opinion is that doubtless some one told him about the real thing or that he saw it in the movies.

In future years we anticipate the pleasure of greeting him with "G. U. look prosperous."

## GARY MERLE HENDERSON

Warren, Pa.

Born in Enterprise, Pa., October 21, 1895.

Warren High School, 1913; Kiskiminetas Springs School, B.S., 1916. Track (1), (2).

Phi Alpha Gamma; Alpha Kappa Phi; Alpha Iota Epsilon.

*"Gary," "Hendy"*

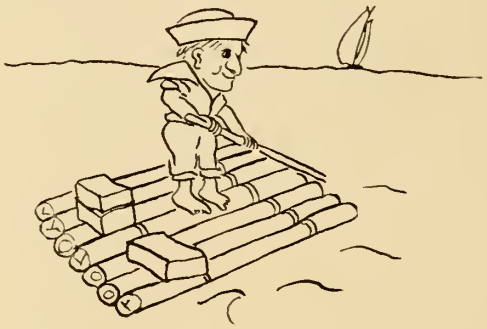
*"If you're going to marry me, marry me, Bill,*
*It's no use muckin' about."*

Remember, Gary, that "every inch added to your waist line is so much off your life line." When he came to us he had a sylph-like figure which he claims he acquired at Kiski!? Oh! a famous school,—give him a chance and he will tell you all about it, and all about the way he acquired that fairy figure of his as he placed Kiski on the map. If you don't give him a chance he will take it. That figure has sadly degenerated. At first it compared favorably with that other Warren aspirant to medical fame, Baldy Briggs. Like many of our other married or nearly married, men, he has gained several kilos in weight, wind, and assumed dignity, and we fear for the approximation of buttons and vest button-holes as he promenades the halls. He is developing a peacock walk, possibly from association with Jing Johnson.

Possibly this added avoirdupois is due to the anxiety and mental stress of love-making in all its phases, being reduced to a subacute or chronic condition which we think will be permanent.

If you would make him your friend for life send him strawberries, and when he pays you a visit do not fail to serve him his favorite berry. Also, if you desire to prove the efficacy of Homeopathy at that time have some Apis mel. 2x handy, he might need a few drops.

He absolutely refuses to divulge his plans for the future, but wherever he goes we wish him bon voyage.



## ROBERT MOORE HENING

Minneapolis, Minn.

Born in Stillwater, Minn., September 30, 1883.

East High School, Minneapolis, 1907; University of Minnesota, 4 years.

Pi Upsilon Rho; Alpha Kappa.

Married on March 20, 1920, to Jessie E. Canfield.

*"Bob"*

*"Long shall we seek his likeness, long in vain."*

We take great pleasure in introducing the man who, by his own effort, has given the class the reputation of being the most dignified and sedate in many years. He deserves great credit and applause from the "hoi polloi" for they did not aid him in the slightest, with the possible exception of Freddie Meng, who doesn't figure much. How's that?

Bob also has the distinction of having proven every drug in the Materia Medica. He feels that they have all been indicated in his case at one time or another. Don't know but that we agree with him. If he tells you that he passed Dr. Haines with Gelsemium 30X, be not surprised—he may be right. (Right here we expect some cynic will say, "Ya! Psychic.")

He has made only one serious error in the years that we have known him. He did not invite us to his wedding. All of us have felt this slight keenly. In fact, he never let us know that it was going to happen. Vile judgment, we say.

We wish him a large practice, and to help him from becoming disheartened in the first few years of practice, we hope that he will have triplets or at least twins. We believe that his success is assured, i. e., in practice, and we wish the best to one of our valued classmates.

## JOSEPH IRVING HERITAGE

Langhorne, Pa.

Born in Langhorne, October 8, 1898.

Langhorne High School, 1914; Jenkintown High School, 1915.

Football (1), (2); Glee Club (1).

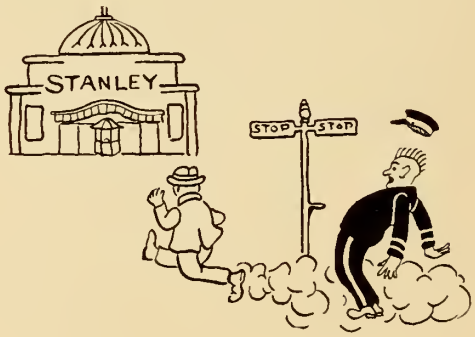
Pi Upsilon Rho; American Legion Post, No. 148, Langhorne, Pa.

*"Joe," "Langhorne," "Bring 'em Around"*

*"Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me."*

This long, lanky youth from Langhorne was thrown into the melting pot at Hahnemann when, as we remember, he didn't smoke, chew, swear, rush the women, play cards or sing. Incidentally he had never seen a football game. However, we have remedied these defects in his education and now he smokes, becomes profane on occasion, and has learned to use a canoe. Under the efficient instruction of Messrs. Kutteroff and Shallcross, he has become a proficient pinochle shark and under the tutelage of Ziegler his vocal training has progressed with marked success. As for football, he gained distinction as a guard in his first game. When not indulging in the above pastimes, one is likely to hear him say, "Let's to the Stanley" or "How about a swim at the Y?"

At one time Joe was a sledding enthusiast, but his support in this pastime was badly broken when he tried conclusions with a water-trough. Incidentally, so was his girl's.




However, we have nothing but good to say of one of the best fellows in the class. A booster and not a knocker and an optimist through and through. His is the type that makes life brighter and the world a good place to live in. His death rate will be low, his patients will hate to leave him, and we say this despite the 50 per cent. mortality record he made in the medical wards.

## GOVIND SAKLARAMJI HIWALE

Dedgaon, India.

Born in Dedgaon, November 23, 1889.

Normal School in Ammedagar, India; American Mission School, Bombay; Ursinus College, 3 years, Ex. 1918; University of Pennsylvania, 1 year, Ex. 1919.

Member Student Volunteer Union of Phila.; President Union of Indian Christian Students in America, 1920-21.

*"Govie," "The Hindu Jew"*

*"A name which all know,—by sight very well,*
*But which no one can speak and no one can spell."*

We can all remember the morning when the Dean told us that a "real Hindu missionary" was coming among us, and we were cautious not to smoke or swear for fear of offending our new classmate. Govind has proven himself to be an ideal classmate and friend, and we have been proud to associate with our learned Indian philosopher. You can never guess what humor lies behind his twinkling eyes and radiant smile.

Music is sweet to the ear of our Hindu, but not jazz music. He only cares for Indian music, such as he manages to stroke out of his Hindu pumpkin. In fact, he says that our music is crude and grates on his nerves. As a remedy he suggests that we add a few thousand more notes to our scale. On numerous occasions Hiwale has been kind enough to favor us with selections on the "native Indian banana" or as he calls it "saxtar."

His character is of the best, but has suffered somewhat by his association with Corporal Bier. However, in time he will undoubtedly outlive this evil influence.

As a member of the firm of George and Hiwale, he has made a splendid sales and distributing agent, and will ever remain famous at Hahnemann as being one of the firm who introduced Medicine Made Easy.

Govind expects to return to India and show them how Homeopathy really works. To him we extend wishes for unqualified success in his native land.

## CARL LEON HOSIER

West Pittston, Pa.

Born in White Haven, Pa., December 16, 1895.

West Pittston High School, 1913; Bloomsburg State Normal, 1915.

Glee Club (2), (3).

Pi Upsilon Rho; Jr. O. U. A. M.

Married on June 5, 1919, to Dorothy Weiskerger.

"*Carl*"

"*We'll go to the deuce on any excuse.*"

What an innocent little, red cheeked fellow he was when he arrived in our midst. But now gaze on his calm, slow dignity, his sophisticated manner, his man of the world air, and above all, his mustache. He has developed a delicate line of chatter most useful as applied to the ladies and the faculty. This should be quite an asset to him in practice.

Speaking of the ladies; he always had a morbid desire to be in their presence; just couldn't help himself. A few evenings a week, or a few hours a day were not sufficient to satisfy his craving for the society of the fair sex, so we suppose he did the only logical thing when he got one of those world without end sentences into slavery. However, having met Mrs. Hosier, we are convinced that slavery is not so bad and we do not blame you Carl, we might do the same thing some day. We can say emphatically that marriage has been a good thing for Carl; he even admits that it has improved his viewpoint on life; it certainly has made him fat and caused him to settle down.

Lately he has acquired a tendency to study and with this habit, his ability as a Mexican athlete has to a slight measure diminished. We are sorry for this, because a good line is always a big help in practice we hear.

## RUSSEL MELOT HOUCK

Reading, Pa.

Born in Boyertown, Pa., July 7, 1899.

Reading High School, 1915; Ursinus College, 2 years, Ex. 1919.

Glee Club (1), (2), (3); Class Notes Editor (3).

Pi Upsilon Rho.

*"Russ," "The Deacon"*

*"And happier hearts we seem to own, when we're allowed to ride,*
*No matter what the car may be, close by the driver's side."*

The Deacon was thrust upon our notice some four years ago in our freshman year, and so for these four weary years we have endured this example of Collegeville training. And yet two years in that environment did not completely ruin him and we still have hopes.

Well do we remember the day that he thrust himself into our unsuspecting midst, and he was just bursting with dignity and Reading pretzels, but after much intensive training and cultivation by McCleary, we respectfully submit this product of four years' effort.

In his first three years he belonged to the Hahnemann Glee Club, but this year, coincidentally with the establishment of a sort of "vox populi" test in the selection of the members of the club, Russ reluctantly decided to spend less time in the cultivation of his voice and undoubtedly his life insurance will be cheaper as a result.

Were it not for his delusion that the ladies find him irresistible, there might still be some hope for him even after these many years of sad experience have failed to convince him that "Veni, vidi, vici" was not to be his motto. However, it is as a student that he stands out. He has held a high standing throughout and rightly so, for many a long, tiresome evening has he spent with old man Similibus. We expect much of him in the future.

ROBERT MacALLISTER HUNTER

Melrose Park, Montgomery Co., Pa.

Born in Philadelphia, January 24, 1898.

Northeast High School, 1916.

Football (1), (2), (3); Glee Club (PM), (1), (2), (3), (4).

President Institute (4); Associate Business Manager, Class Record (4).

Pi Upsilon Rho.

*"Bob," "Red"*

*"His hair is of good color—an excellent color."*

Robert M. Hunter, of the Roberts of the house of Hunter, Irish in body, in spirit and in voice. Bob has the bright temperament of his people and the temper of his own red hair, not to say anything of his moustache. He is big both in body and in heart, and his bigness and unselfishness have been felt in all class matters.

He hath an excellent voice and knows how to use it with effect. You can always tell when he is present at a song-fest by the sound of the last note.

Unfortunately during our senior year Bob, desiring a more intimate knowledge of disease and of the reaction of the vital force, etc., went out one day and contracted diphtheria, this occurring just previous to his introduction to Dr. Smith and Dr. Seeley in Nose and Throat dispensary, and just before Dr. Sappington gave us his interesting and enlightening talks on antibodies, antitoxins, agglutinins, precipitens, etc. We now see the method of his madness, as ever in search of knowledge and one of our most far-sighted men.

He has been one of the most active men in college and has given his support to all activities, has raised the Institute to its present high standard and by his tireless efforts has helped make the publication of this book possible.

## WILLIAM SEARLE JOHNSON

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born in Philadelphia, November 15, 1891.

Central High School, 1911.
Glee Club (1), (2), (4).
Pi Upsilon Rho.

*"Jing," "Socrates," "Pessimism"*

*"We go through this world full of sorrow and care,*
*We go out of this world we know not where."*

When Hahnemann went to war, Jing was one of those noble souls who donned the uniform of the U. S. A. Having assumed the dress, he also naturally begot the rolling gait which identifies the loyal sons of Neptune. Although demobilized from the Navy, Jing has never lost his sealegs and may be seen rolling about college any clear day after 11 A. M.

If Jing's worthy Sire was Neptune, his illustrious mother was none other than the Greek Goddess (Pessamus). This accounts for the dark glasses—through which Jing views the world. If some cheerful soul ventures a bright idea, Jing is sure to discover that Sappington's exam is just around the corner or —"Who will take care of the sick if we all die of the Flu?"

Despite these traits, Jing has moments of relaxation when he vents his surcharged feelings upon the ivory key board. Nevertheless, instead of "Oh by Jingo," we are treated to the Pathetigue or Chopin Funeral March.

Knowing that his peculiar talents would not be appreciated at home, Jing flies to the West for his interneship. May your flight be made light, you bird of gloom.

## JOHN CLAYTON KISTLER

Lansford, Pa.

Born in Lansford, April 18, 1894.

Lansford High School, 1912; Perkiomen Prep., 1913; Lafayette, 2 years, Ex. 1917.

Class Entertainment Committee (4).

Phi Alpha Gamma; Theta Nu Epsilon; Chi Phi; F. and A. M.

*"Jack"*

*"For he's very fond of the ladies."*

Every class has its Kistler, but the Class of 1921 can boast of the best Kistler of them all. We have been mighty glad to have this prim "gentleman immaculate" with us through our college course.

He is quiet, unassuming, straightforward, congenial and usually sober. What more could be said of any man? Nothing, except that he smokes Camels consistently and has the power, notwithstanding his personal attractiveness, to withstand the advances of multitudes of feminine admirers.

Jack's closest friendship was formed with Bill Wells during the Sophomore year, and undoubtedly medical research has been advanced by this combination of scientific minds. For had it not been that these two struggled side by side, probably the Abderhalden test for pregnancy on spinal fluid would never have been discovered.

He is an artist and some of the decorative effects he traces are without parallel. If anyone has a nice shirt front to be decorated just apply to Jack and his assistant, Wells, and they will get full value for money paid. During his senior year Jack developed a fondness for brooms. In fact, he always welcomes a present of a broom at any time, insomuch as he always needs the aforesaid article to sweep the shredded wheat out of his domicile.

His friends are legion and he holds the popular esteem of the entire class as quiet and unassuming chaps always do. We predict for Jack a busy professional life. Bon voyage, Jack.

## CHARLES CARRELL KRUSEN

Norristown, Pa.

Born in Norristown, June 4, 1894.

Norristown High School, 1914; Ursinus College, 2 years, Ex. 1918.

Phi Alpha Gamma; Sigma Phi.

*"Pop"*

*"He has a round face and a little round belly,*
*That shakes when he laughs like a bowl full of jelly."*

Pop was his nickname when he came to us and Pop it has stayed. He has the characteristic build of the last generation of Krusens and an unlimited store of good humor. Being fat, he has only a limited amount of energy, which he insists on using up by traveling from Philadelphia to Norristown daily. He insists that Norristown is some place, but we fail to see the reason for his daily pilgrimage to that town. We have looked the public buildings over, paid a visit to the garage, admired Riverview Hospital, but still fail to see what could be so attractive as to make a fat man take such a trip daily, but, possibly, there are other attractions that we have not seen.

It is surprising to note the influence we have had for good in this most likeable of fellows. He used to be a father of the boys, but now he is one of them. He is young now, not only in years, but in spirit. He plays cards, smokes, and cavorts around with a youthful abandon surprising in one of his weight and girth. Part of this spirit of youth was probably inculcated by Dr. James in OBS. If some of his old friends could see him joyfully rushing madly after the next ruler of some proud American household they would be shocked and awed.

Take our advice, Pop, and go in for OBS, and you will shortly have that unsurpassable beauty of form found in your fellow classmate, Queenie Shetrone.

## CHARLES FREDERICK KUTTEROFF

Frankford, Pa.

Born in McKee City, N. J., September 25, 1892.

Bureau Professional Education, 1916-1917; Philadelphia College Pharmacy, Ph.C., 1914; Philadelphia College Pharmacy, Phar.D., 1915.

Glee Club (2), (3), (4); Track (PM), (1), (2), (3), (4). Class President (4); Business Manager Class Record (4).

Pi Upsilon Rho; F. and A. M.;, Caldwell Consistory; A. A. O. N. M. S.; Lulu Temple.

*"Charlie"*

*"Even though vanquished, he could argue still."*

He's only a little fellow but, as the saying goes "Good goods come in small packages"—(like poison). Although small, he is there with the big noise and is always up on his toes for a scrap (verbal), and if you want to argue, Charlie is your man and will convince you that he is right or you are wrong. He is a violent radical, but it is suspected that this is a pose.

Charlie is sure that the present systems of medicine are all wrong. Osteopathy, chiropractice, Nature Cure are all expounded for a day, but his belief depends upon which book he was reading the night before.

Socially, he is a bear with the women, but has hitherto escaped their snares. His carefully waxed moustache and curly coiffure are his chief weapons of assassination, together with his compelling tones. Sartorial perfection is his strong point—clothes don't make the man, but lots of men wear them.

Athletically, Charlie is a member of the pinochle team and runs in the Penn relays. Holds a captaincy in the Senior Toreador Squad. Also hits the high spots tenoring in the Glee Club.

Charlie is a Tin Lizzie manipulator and has absolute contempt for the laws of physics. He was formerly a bear at the stock exchange, but finds it safer to shoot the cow's husband at college.

The class is indebted to Charlie for his endeavors in behalf of the class in all its activities, especially for his effort to make this book a financial success.

## HOWARD ADAMS LICHTENWALNER

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born in Philadelphia, June 7, 1895.

Northeast High School, 1915.
Football (PM), (1), (2); Baseball (PM), (1); Basketball (PM), (1), (2), (3); Glee Club (PM), (1), (2), (3), (4). Associate Editor Class Notes (PM).

Alpha Sigma; Beta Delta; Tie Tse Tie Club.

*"Doc," "Lichty"*
*"I's wicked, I is; I's mighty wicked."*

You know Doc. He is only another one of our classmates who has a perfect right to occupy a seat on the front row of any high-class performance at our playhouses. If you do not believe it take a look at the above barren dome. Doc insists that it is a congenital defect, and as the world had not at that time been introduced to Dr. Bernstein's hair tonic, he was a hopeless case. He also claims that he has at times torn his hair out in remorse. We have noticed the reduction in quantity particularly after examinations, and as Doc always says, "Do you know, I forgot to tell him—" and so on, and so forth, et cetera ad infinitum, world without end.

He comes from a family noted in a medical way for their efficient treatment and untiring efforts toward the relief of sickness and the ills of man. Knowing our classmate as we do, we can but express our assurance in his ability to uphold the good reputation of the family. If you know Dad, you know that it is no light job, but we have confidence in Lichty's ultimate success. We advise him to open an office across the street and try and steal Dad's practice.

## MERRILL HARRISON LONG

Altoona, Pa.

Born in Altoona, April 9, 1897.

Altoona High School, 1916.

Art Editor, Class Record (4).

Prospective Specialty—Obstetrics and Pediatrics.

Pi Upsilon Rho.

Married on July 18, 1918, to Nada Ion Stauffer.

*"Merrill," "I'm——l," "Sparrow"*

*"Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting."*

We present Chuck Miller's first assistant and right-hand man. Chuck raises Cain and Sparrow keeps him well propped up. To tell of the 10,000,000,000 things they did or thought they did, would take twice as much space as Hering's Guiding Symptoms, so it wouldn't be worth our time and money to go into details. To be honest with you, dear reader, we are not sure that most of them would stand investigation. Long and Miller are true personifications of disease and death—one always follows the other. Rumor has it that once they thought that they were a little indiscreet and, believe us, when they thought they were a little indiscreet, if the case had come to court, a grand jury would have been on the job for months.

However, Merrill is an artist. Who but an artist could have invented such an expression as "Hot dog." He is an artist, all right, just gaze at his masterpieces. We have included copies of his most famous pictures in this book and thereby enhanced its value many fold.

In the future he is going to practice OBS. Just believe us—any man that can see the artistic in OBS is really an artist and a genius. No one but an artist could.

If you are as artistic in your labors (in practice) as you have been in your labors for this book, you will be some success.

## CLEMENT F. LYNCH

Camden, N. J.

Born in Moorestown, N. J., May 22, 1892.

St. Joseph's College.

Manager Orchestra and Glee Club (2); Treas. Orchestra and Glee Club (4); Treas. Athletic Association (3), (4).

Class Treasurer (1), (2), (3).

Alpha Sigma; B. P. O. E.

*"Clem," "Pat"*

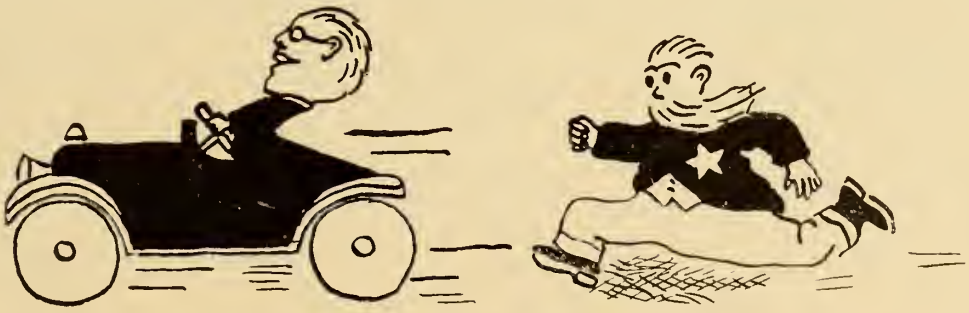
*"Go, presently inquire, and so will I,*
*Where money is."*

A born leader of the band. Perfectly at home in a bandmaster's uniform, he always had a temporary paraplegia when the Lyric Band reached Hahnemann on its way down Broad Street at the head of a parade.

Unfortunately Pat is a foreigner and his habits and methods, although somewhat improved by his stay with us, are as yet barbaric. His home is across the water in that little known and unexplored territory known to the educated as Camden.

His ability in medical ways is a source of sorrow to the banking houses of the country. They took a day off to weep and mourn the day Pat started to study medicine. However, we utilized his ability as treasurer of the class for several years and he distinguished himself as a collector by being the only man who could successfully collect anything, not to speak of class-dues, from Scudder and Meng. Needless to say, Cohen and Wienski voted for someone else at class elections.

He is sure to be a success financially and is destined to collect a greater percentage of his bills than any other man in the class. He just talks to you and you feel that you want to give him all that you have; makes you feel that he is doing you the greatest favor by allowing you to pay your dues, and we are convinced that if he wished he could collect brass apples from the Statue of Liberty.



## THOMAS GORDON McCLEARY

Kansas City, Mo.

Born in Kansas City, August 4, 1897.

Westport and Manual Training High Schools, 1915; Southwest Homeopathic Medical College, 1 year, Ex. 1919.

Pi Upsilon Rho; F. and A. M.; Mu Sigma Delta.

Married on December 24, 1920, to Gertrude Masten.

*"Mac"*

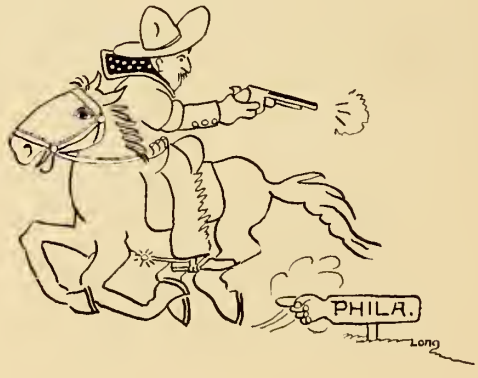
*"His speech was like a tangled chain, nothing impaired but all disordered."*

"Mithouri ith a great thtate, ith'nt it" Mac? Yes, our friend comes from across the Mississippi from that "show me" state. What we want to know is, the kind of dialect they use in that part of the world. If it's anything like the foreign language Mac speaks, it must be some place to visit. We are told, however, that the Mac dialect is partially due to his smoking those political cigars he uses. Guess if it wasn't for Houck's ability as a smoker, we never would understand Mac, if the above is true.

McCleary was one of the first men of the class to blossom forth one morning in his own little Ford. As usual, beside him we saw Houck, who apparently acts as mechanician. As Houck's ability along these lines improved, McCleary improved his brand of car until now he is running a Franklin. We really do not think McCleary needs Houck for the aforesaid job, but then Mac never did like to dirty his hands.

Since Xmas vacation in the senior year, Houck's place has been taken by Mrs. McCleary, and we congratulate Mac heartily.

We have a suspicion that Mac intends to be a Physiologist some day. You sure can tell a lot by the company a man keeps about college. Or possibly he intends to be a trainer of frogs. Don't train frogs, Mac, they croak; use Homeopathy a la Ollie Haines (he never lost a case), and your success is assured; but be sure to write all your orders, for we would hate to be the nurse who heard you say, "give him some extract of Tharthaparilla."



DAVID FRANKLIN McGARVEY

Renova, Pa.

Born in Renova, January 6, 1898.

Renova High School, 1915.
Basketball (PM); V. Pres. Institute (4); Class Notes Editor (1), (2); Class Secretary (3), (4); Associate Editor, Class Record (4).

Phi Alpha Gamma.

*"Mac," "Dave"*

*"Just cultivate a cast iron smile of joy the whole day through."*

Dave, the Renova Kid, now begs to hold your attention. Can he? You tell them "that." All he has to do is to laugh.

Mack has a reputation as a champion jazz artist, which he ably upholds against all comers, for he surely can shake a mean hoof. He has been a leader of this popular pastime in the class at all times. He particularly shone at Allentown, where he promptly located the best shimmy parlor, while his friends located the gardens of refreshment. This is not, however, his chief attainment, for when moved by the muse and inspired to the proper mood he can lighten dull hours with song and is one of the chief introducers of Wells' original songs. He sings well when in his favorable vehicle,—a railway coach.

Dave was quite a mainstay on the basketball team during his first few years at Hahnemann. His popularity among his classmates is obvious, because he has at numerous times filled class offices and acted on various committees. As a student Mack ranks among the best. How does he do it? It just seems to come natural to him. His chief diversion is traveling, and along this line we may as well say that outside of Baltimore and Renova he makes few trips.

We predict an active future for McGarvey, and in years to come we will doubtless hear of him as the leading Obstetrician of Renova.

OUR JAZZ BABY

HAROLD JOHNSON McLAREN

Beaver Falls, Pa.

Born in New Waterford, Ohio, February 7, 1897.

Beaver Falls High School, 1916.
Football (1), (2).
Class Vice President (1).

Phi Alpha Gamma.

*"Mac"*

*"The consolation of widows, the hope of maids."*

How many times have you heard the Dean say to visitors, "No that is not a fire, that is McLaren still breaking in his pipe?" He fooled the fire inspector once with that instrument of the damned. We don't know whether or not he is preparing for the future, but it is awfully hard on his friends. Did you ever see a crowd break up and rush for the doors and the windows? Thoughts of Cohen and a bomb would flash across your mind along with your past misdeeds. Perhaps you would flee, or having visions of your picture in the paper as a heroic saviour of your Alma Mater, you would close your eyes, take a deep breath and rush toward the engine of destruction, only to embrace the calm and unpertrubed Mac blowing clouds of smoke in the free air with unholy joy. We understand that the board of health is preparing an offer for that pipe in case they run out of formaldehyde. Hope they get it!

Mac is one of the best workers in the class. He is as good a worker and as dependable as his pipe. Like it, he is always on the job when needed, always willing and always gives his best. Unlike it, however, he is unassuming and always thoughtful of the best interests of the whole. The man who is willing to sacrifice his own feelings in a matter for the success of the whole, is worth knowing and worth having as a friend, and we congratulate ourselves that he is one of us.

FREDERICK WILLIAM MENG

Frankford, Pa.

Born in Frankford, July 3, 1894.

Frankford High School, 3 years, Ex. 1914; Peirce School, 1914.

Pi Upsilon Rho; Monks.

Married on June 23, 1920, to Katherine M. Wiedmann.

*"Kaiser," "Crown Prince," "Freddie"*

*"This I beheld or dreamed it in a dream."*

"Who is that young man hurrying through the hall?" you ask. That is Frederick William Meng, better known as the "Clown Prince." You see, his car was late again and he barely had time to get to class.

During his freshman year we thought that Freddie was going to be a famous chemist. He surely was an expert when it came to doing urine analyses. Many a time have we seen him pour the specimen into the sink and by this method alone tell to the third decimal point the amount of phosphates it contained. We find, however, that we were mistaken about Dr. Meng's ambitions, as surgery seems to be the specialty of his choice.

Ambition is his middle name. He sometimes succeeds. Did you get his card from Atlantic City with that terse statement, "Having a good time down here on our honeymoon." This is worthy of being placed with those other historic statements such as, "We've only begun to fight" and "We'll have an examination on the first of the month." However, we hope that Freddie's statement was true. We don't know any time in a man's life that should be more enjoyable. Let us wish him success and a prolonged honeymoon, for we would like to see him enjoy himself for the rest of his life.

## DAVIS CHARLES MIDDLETON

Middleport, Ohio.

Born in Middleport, August 27, 1898.

Middleport High School, 1916.
Glee Club (2), (3), (4).
Class Treasurer (4).

Pi Upsilon Rho; American Legion, Fenny-Bennett Post, Middleport, Ohio.

*"Mid"*

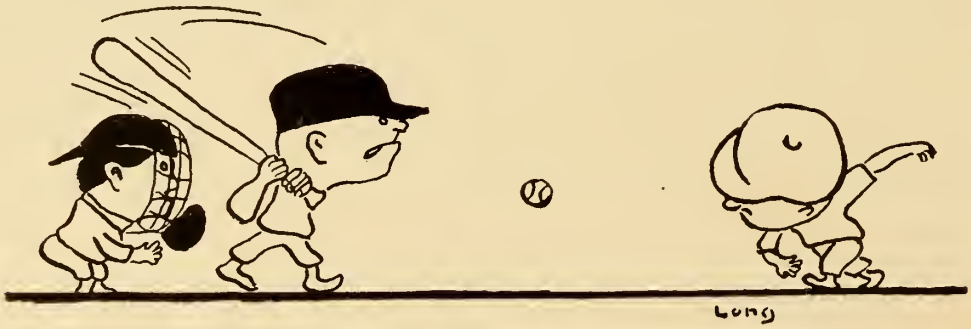
*"What horrible fancy is this."*

The only man in the class from Ohio. As Mid says, "The Mother of Presidents is ——." Mid also says that he was always a Democrat until the "world was made safe for the Democrats." Feeling that this was hardly fair to the rest of the voters, Mid decided to vote for and support Harding. His political speeches in Allentown and Philadelphia, not to mention Lafayette College, undoubtedly swayed many voters. It is rumored that he aspires to the Presidency, but we feel sure in this day and generation that it will not be on the prohibition ticket.

Is there any man who could get the reputation for having pledged more men to more fraternities than any other man who had not been a student at Lafayette College? We must, of course, consider that this happened after we had seen some mental cases at Allentown. We have been told that these conditions are not contagious, but we feel now that Mid absolutely had a temporary (?) psychosis.

Although he is not married and as far as we know not engaged, he is strong for the ladies and we know that few men in the class are his equal with the fair sex.

Mid is an expert at pitching ball and pennies and has relieved many of us of our loose change. We trust that he will continue to relieve those that come to him for help, and will accumulate plenty of this world's goods, but we hope that the goods will not be like the linings of his suits.



## CHARLES DONLEY MILLER

Scottdale, Pa.

Born in Scottdale, April 17, 1895.

Scottdale High School, 1914; University Pittsburgh, 1 year, Ex. 1918; Lafayette, 1 year, Ex. 1919.
Football (1), (2); Glee Club (1), (2).
Class Treasurer (PM); Chairman Entertainment Committee (4).
Prospective Specialty—Surgery (Industrial).

Pi Upsilon Rho; Theta Delta Chi.

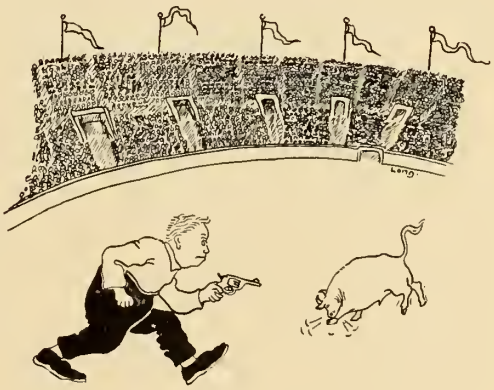
*"CPO," "Chuck"*

*"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,*
*Pleased with a rattle, tickled by a straw."*

Mind you, gentlemen, we did not say that a little education is not a good thing in a college course. We are not knocking knowledge, for it is of course a grand thing to have around the house, but as Chuck says, the thing that irritates him is that people think the education you get in colleges comes to you all canned in neat little text-books.

Chuck is the personification of his argument. He claims that knowledge must be mixed with imagination and ingenuity. According to the faculty, this is applied constructive deviltry—take your choice. Also, it is rumored that the Dean spends his summer vacation storing up energy to battle with Chuck's wits. What Chuck doesn't do is limited only by that which he can't conceive. And he is some thinker.

Chuck's greatest worry is that the Faculty will take the college away from him and not let him play with it any more. And this is a frightful fear to hold over a man who loves and enjoys everything connected with the college except a few trifling lectures, quizzes, etc., which take up his time and interfere with his plans.



While in college he learned many things, chief of which was how to drive a car from anywhere to no place in three minutes short of nothing. Said car was purchased with dividends of Speed Soap Co. Soon Chuck's mind will turn to other things and if he is as successful in other pursuits as he has been in getting through college, he will be some doctor. If he had been marked for Imagination, The Psychological Moment and Dodging Consequences, his marks would have been astounding and he would have been the honor man in the class.

## DANIEL RAYMOND MOCK

Roaring Springs, Pa.

Born in Williamsburg, Pa., December 25, 1897.

Altoona High School, 1916.
Football (1), (2); Baseball (1).
Prospective Specialty—Surgery.

Pi Upsilon Rho; F. and A. M.

*"Dannie," "Lovesick"*

*"Give us the lad whose happy life*
*Is one perpetual grin."*

The youngest, fairest and happiest unmarried man in the class. He is always into something. You can find him occasionally in college, often in the movies, and always in love. At times he is in debt, frequently in some devilment of Miller's concoction, and the rest of the time he is dreaming of his last love.

He takes his work very seriously and has therefore acquired a large library, and many a man has graduated in bygone years richer for his acquaintance with Dannie. He takes copious notes. We can't imagine why, but maybe he knows, we are not sure.

No one has ever been able to find where Danny was inoculated with the micro-organism of love. Danny makes frequent recoveries, but the blamed thing always breaks out from a new focus, and Danny swears his eye and wisdom teeth are all right. So it is easy to see how Danny is the happiest man in the class.

Funny how women affect some fellows. Some are sad and brooding constantly, gazing longingly at a pink envelope or constantly looking at their watch to see if it has gained any during the last five minutes, while others like Danny just naturally "bust out all over" with excitement and joy.

All right, Danny, keep single and in love and you will always radiate happiness.

## THOMAS EDGAR MURRAY

Chester, Pa.

Born at Blaisville, Pa., January 7, 1893.

Indiana Normal, Indiana, Pa., 1 year, Ex. 1914; Duffs Business College, 2 years, 1919.

Prospective Specialty—Surgery.

Pi Upsilon Rho.

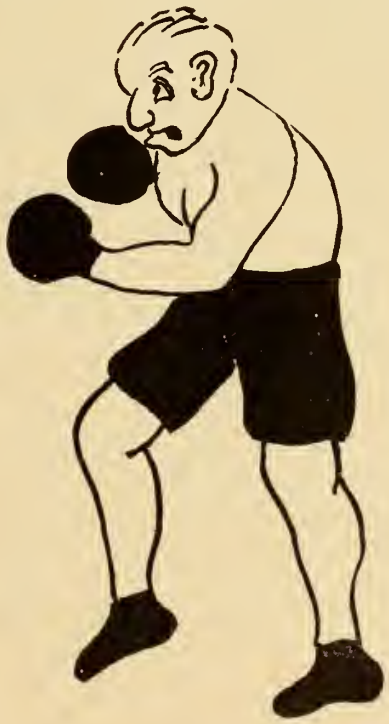
*"Tom"*

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free."*

Behold! A man from Chester! What more need be said?

Tom has shuttled back and forth from Chester for five years and, Tom, some of us know that you had pleasant company on the train.

The only redeeming feature about Tom is that he has to a large extent been able to overcome his environment. He has, however, embibed freely of the home town influence in one particular at least, and that is his love for the fistic art. Tom is no mean exponent—lean, wiry and agile, and with a foot movement that is a pride to a Philadelphia dance hall on a Saturday night.



For some time back he has industriously worked at Eddystone on emergency work at night. We are at a loss to decide whether he did this to be closer to Philadelphia, or to help him to be on time in the morning by staying up all night. Other rumors have it that Tom took this position to save himself from association with the influences which have induced many of his classmates to give up their happy free lance existence and join the association of martyrs.

Always stick with the majority Tom and stay happy.

## CLAUDE BELFORD PHILLIPS

Cape May, N. J.

Born in Cold Spring, N. J., September 19, 1891.

Cape May High School, 1911.
Glee Club (4).

Alpha Sigma; Nu Sigma Nu.

*"Claude"*

*"While we live, let's live in clover,*
*For when we're dead, we're dead all over."*

Claude came to us in our Junior year and soon made himself known to us by his friendly "Good Mornin', Young Feller," and his checked suit, for he follows the ponies, you know.

We are told that Claude had a "way with a maid." We don't doubt it, for his droll humor calls forth reams of correspondence which is very suspicious in appearance. As further evidence, we recall that he falls asleep, as do many of the rest of us, for that matter, during at least three lectures every day. He doesn't take notes, you know, and as for making drawings, "Why bother?" said Claude, until a certain Professor stated that it would be advisable to at least purchase a note-book and drawing paper if he had any intentions of successfully completing his course at Hahnemann.

Claude has lived with the pessimistic Karl and we congratulate him on weathering the gloomy days and we see for him a bright future.

He is happy always, despite this atmosphere of gloom. Imagine his position. It takes a happy man to live with a bird whose appearance is like a dose of salts, i. e., takes all the joy out of life, and who would be worried to death if told he never could be elected Queen of China. However, he weathered this influence and we can only see for him a bright future.

By Heck !

## WILLIAM MORRIS PIERSON

Wilmington, Del.

Born in Wilmington, May 2, 1898.

Wilmington High School, 1915; Delaware State College, 2 years, Ex. 1919.

Basketball (1), (3), (4); Secretary Institute (4); Corresponding Secretary Class (4); Commencement Committee (4).

Alpha Sigma; Sigma Phi Epsilon.

*"Morris," "Pearson"*
*"Which not even critics criticize."*

To attempt to do justice to such a distinguished personage as Morris would be folly. For Morris is one of the most modest, and unassuming, and unobtrusive, congenial fellows who never says so very much (unless you know him intimately), but he surely does things and "gets there."

As can be seen by a glance at his photo, he is a lad whose habits and morals are beyond reproach. He does not chew, drink, swear, gamble, or do anything else that so often goes with being a medical student. In fact, everything about him can be summed up from Morris' favorite expression, "Man Dear."

His name is his only drawback and Morris himself admits that it is entirely too much like the Dean's to be of any particular advantage.

In basketball he has been a mainstay of the team and the college could not well get along in this game without his efficient help.

In baseball he shines brightly but we have had little ability to observe his prowess in this line while at college.

During our senior year he has been most efficient in the collection of samples of hair tonics, corn cures, comidome and beauty adjuvants. It is hoped that the general appearance of the class will be permanently improved by his efforts. We admit we could stand some improvement, even though we had such Apollos as Queenie and the subject of this article among us.

If we ever reach your level of study, work, play and shapeliness, we would be happy, old fellow.

## BRADFORD CHASE SCUDDER.

Rome, N. Y.

Born in Rome, November 8, 1897.

Rome High School, 1916.
Glee Club (PM), (1), (2), (3), (4).
Class Entertainment Committee (4); Asst. Manager Glee Club (4).

Phi Alpha Gamma; American Legion, Post No. 427.

*"Brad"*

*"He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws."*

Did we hear the sound of the ukulele? Perhaps that was Brad, or did someone say that he was tripping the light fantastic this evening, for we all know that where there is music there we are likely to find Scudder. He is the most versatile musician in the class. In odd moments he plays upon the mandolin, guitar, harp, ukulele, and the rest of the time on the ladies' heart strings. Did you know that he was very religious? Absolutely; he always says Grace.

He is always ready to cut class nonchalantly to prepare to storm the castle of a fair damsel's heart by moonlight or play heart throbs beneath her boudoir on some stringed instrument. We doubt not, that with his ability as a tenor, which we have so much appreciated in the Glee Club, that he undoubtedly charms them at times with songs. As a lyric bard he has acquired a reputation and his compositions in collaboration with Darby and Wells have often been sung by his less poetic classmates. Many of the events of our stay at college have been immortalized by this trio. We recall particularly the Allentown trip and the words commemorating this occasion in that touching song entitled, "Allentown, Pa."

Being the third generation to graduate from Hahnemann, medicine is well inculcated into his mental processes and he should continue the success of his predecessors.

## JOSEPH WATTON SHALLCROSS

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born in Philadelphia, August 2, 1897.

Central High School, A.B., 1916.

Baseball (1); Assistant Editor-in-Chief Class Record (4).

*"Joe"*

*"A student's life is a life of care,*
*Care, Care, Dull Care,*
*But what the hell do we care."*

He is a veritable "chip off the old block." For some years he has been developing the classical abdominal protuberance of his father, who let it be said right here is one of our class's finest friends. Joe gives promise of being an illustrious success of an illustrious sire.

If Joe were musically inclined his favorite song would be, "Oh how I hate to get up in the morning." No alarm clock has as yet been invented potent enough to charm him back from the land of dreams. Many the roll call and happy morning hour he has missed. In fact, so deeply rooted is this habit of somnolence, that many doubts have been expressed as to where Joe will be "When the roll is called up yonder."

However, behind that drowsy face is a brain which functions exceedingly fast on occasions. In fact, we have it on good authority that Joe is a latent genius. Be this or no, he is yet one of the best trained members of the Toreador squad.

Socially Joe is an ace. His cheerful smile and his "How's the World?" make him a buddy with the boys and a bear with the girls. Beside this, he is a relentless pinochle shark and is frequently seen engaged in this demoralizing pastime. He smokes Camels with a reckless abandon and even occasionally indulges in a milk shake.

Take it from the Editor-in-chief, that if it hadn't been for Joe this book would never have been published. The class thanks him heartily.

## HAROLD BERT SHAW

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born in Philadelphia, November 15, 1895.

West Philadelphia High School, 1915.

Manager Football (1), (3); Glee Club (PM), (1), (2), (3), (4); Photographic Editor Class Record (4); Class Golf Team (4).

Phi Alpha Gamma.

*"Harold"*

*"All the great men are dying. In fact, I do not feel well myself."*

You do not have to hear him talk to know how fast he is going. You can always tell when he is going to start and you can always judge the speed of his conversation by the motion of his hands. If Shaw approaches you with both hands waving wildly, he has something to say; after he starts, the faster his hands go the faster he talks. It will be sad if he ever gets paralysis agitans.

However, despite this little eccentricity, he is a live wire. All great men are eccentric according to many authorities on the subject, and we agree with them. In fact, all the staff of this book have grown eccentric.

He is a specialist in many things already—among them girls and playing the piano. For a little music we are never at a loss as long as Harold is with us. His ability as a tickler of the proper keys is unquestioned, and we need not say anything further about this matter. We do not know to what to attribute his popularity among the ladies, but it is a fact that can not be denied.

Harold is the author of one of our most popular sayings. It happened this way—Dr. Horn asked Shaw what he knew about Chemistry. Shaw, with many blushes, much hand motion and spluttering, answered, "What are you trying to do, kid me?" After due explanation and apology from Dr. Horn for daring to ask such a question, Harold returned to his interrupted dreams.

Interested in photography? Oh, yes, but mainly other persons' photographs for the Class Book, for the photographic work of this production is due to his efforts. Success to you, fellow editor and classmate.

## GEORGE EDWIN SHETRONE

Easton, Pa.

Born in Columbia, Pa., February 28, 1898.

York High School, 1 year, Ex. 1916; Easton High School, 1916; Lafayette College, 1 year, Ex. 1921. Baseball (2).

Pi Upsilon Rho; F. and A. M.

"*Eddie*," "2——" (*he objects*)

"*The glass of fashion, and the mould of form.*"

George Edwin Shetrone, Jr., Esq., etc., refuses absolutely to let the editors call him by his real nickname, but what's the difference, we all know it and we'll always remember the reason it was given him. Eddie comes from Easton and likes to tell us all about the big town and its nice houses and parks. Oh! he's a bear with the women, and he'll tell you this, too. It is rumored that he has been implicated in some breach of promise suits.

Shetrone is one of those people that you hear spoken about as "the old child." Naturally he likes himself, but we know he will overcome this as he grows older. In his leisure moments, he often spends hours in front of a mirror admiring himself, his favorite expression being, "My, don't my muscles stand out?" This was reported by his roommates.

Eddie spent last summer at Allentown State Hospital, and acquired quite an acquaintance with the inmates and animals of the place. He got to be on good speaking terms with the sheep, and was able to converse with them in their own language.

Shetrone is a believer in high potency and expects to practice in Easton. We feel that he will be successful and wish him a large and remunerative practice.

## CLARENCE LEWARS SHOLLENBERGER

Auburn, N. J.

Born in Wilmington, Del., October 18, 1895.

Woodstown High School, 1913; Dickinson College, 2 years, Ex. 1917.

Football (1), (2), (3): Glee Club (PM), (1), (2), (3), (4).

Class President (1), (2).

Phi Alpha Gamma; Phi Kappa Psi; Skitchagenee; Skull and Key.

Married on December 23, 1920, to Gladys Florence Swartley.

*"Sholley," "Brud"*

*"Here comes the groom."*

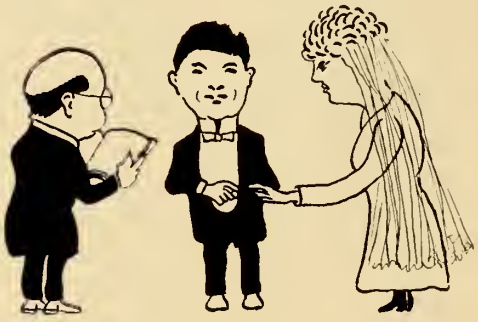
In this Apollo of the class we have Lothario, Beau Brummel, Romeo, and the remaining champions rolled into one. Sholley is a conscientious student, but a more conscientious lover. His specialty has been psychiatry and the pathological anatomy of a wristwatch.

He is one of Jersey's sturdy sons and with that heritage brings us a wealth of good hard sense and a knowledge of "how to farm citrons both ways." Normally his mind is retentive, but ye Gods—what havoc hath Cupid wrought! He wanders around with that vacant stare, that divine countenance, that far-away look of one whose "heart's in the Highlands," whose "heart is not here."

Clarence is also somewhat of a literary man. His line of effort runs toward oratory, as he so ably demonstrated to the class at Allentown.

Sholley has enjoyed an unusual amount of popularity among his classmates, having been elected class president twice, so we can do no more than predict a bright and prosperous future. However, by way of advice, we would ask Sholley to wake up, stop aimlessly wandering about, cease that vacant staring and marry the girl.

Since the above was written, he evidently had an inspiration and followed our advice to the sorrow of the bachelors, who lose a valued member of their ranks, and to the joy of the married men who are ever endeavoring to drag some other happy mortal into the sea of matrimony. However, it is rumored that Brud dragged an efficient life-preserver with him, so we feel free to predict his success and happiness.



EDWARD ROLAND SNADER, JR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born in Philadelphia, November 1, 1895.

Friends' Select School, Philadelphia; Haverford College, S.B., 1917.
Glee Club, (3).
Editor-in-Chief Class Record (4).

Alpha Sigma; Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa.; Alumni Asso. Haverford College; Orpheus Club, Phila.; Child's Welfare Asso. of Penna.; Bureau Municipal Research, Phila.; American Legion, Manento Post, No. 270, Phila.

*"Roland"*

The Editor says—

*"God bless the man and spare him grief,*
*Who kindly makes his censure brief."*

If it has ever been your task to edit a Class Book you can feel for the editor of this one and consider his request as above.

It is the most thankless of jobs, requiring an infinite amount of time, work and patience. However, the class made no mistake in its choice of an editor; they knew his failing, which is work. Willingness to work is his greatest asset. Unselfishly standing for what he believes to be right and best for all, and opposing all he believes to be wrong, has made him many staunch friends and a few enemies and has forced the admiration of all.

However, he has his failings. He could not qualify as a full fledged member of the class if he were perfect. Cupid has wasted several arrows, but has failed so far of the mark. Speaking of courting, he has been in court for smashing things up with his auto more than any other man in the class. In fact, this courting question has him worried. He thinks he is getting gray over it. No one else who has ever seen him with his hat off has this delusion, however.

When this book is a finished product he expects to enter partnership with Shallcross and practice psychiatry. About this time we expect the postmaster general to get wise to who is responsible for the local mail congestion and assassinate him however, so we fear that what looked like a successful medical practitioner and a credit to the college will never materialize. P. S. Better dodge the telephone companies also.

## JOHN WINFIELD SYKES

Roxborough, Pa.

Born in Manayunk, January 6, 1897.

Northeast High School, 1916.
Football (2), (3); Baseball (2); Track (2); Glee Club (4).

Pi Upsilon Rho; Pi Rho Sigma; F. and A. M.

Married on August 23, 1919, to Ethel Beswick. One daughter, Charlotte A.

"*Johnnie, "Skeets"*

"*We will work for ourself and a woman, forever and ever. Amen.*"

Everybody knows that Johnnie discovered Roxborough. That is why he always signs his name—John Sykes, Roxborough. But ever since Dr. Hopp called him "Skeets," this has been our nickname for him.

When Johnnie came to Hahnemann he was a nice, clean-shaven, rather slender chap, but five years have given him a beard like Moses, and like other married members of the class, he has developed a corporation. Among other things, he has acquired a wife and a charming daughter.

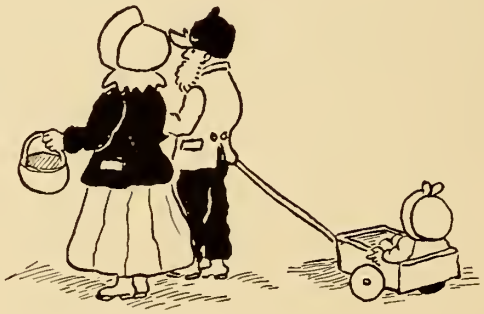
When John has his vest buttoned, his moustache trimmed, his hair parted, his eye glasses accurately adjusted, and puts on a learned air, words of wisdom fall on all those who listen. Oh! Johnnie, you'll knock 'em dead.

John also thinks that psychology is not used enough in the practice of medicine. He is getting ready to use it on his patients by practicing on the faculty.

He thinks Dr. Haines the most wonderful man on the faculty. John has absorbed a bullet in a man's leg with Plumbum C. M.

He smokes a pipe, likes cigarettes and chocolates; doesn't swear, and has a hobby of collecting homeopathic books and selling them again.

We predict for him a bright and prosperous future and we feel that Materia Medica will be his special line.



JOHN CASIMER WIENSKI

Stamford, Conn.

Born in New York, July 7, 1895.

St. Mary's Seminary, Orchard Lake, Mich., 3 years; Polish National Alliance College, Cambridge Springs, Pa., 3 years.

Polish Intercollegiate Association at Philadelphia.

*"Whisky"*

*"Let me see; what think you of falling in love."*

Whisky is not the back number that his name would indicate. He is usually on the job. Despite the fact that alcoholics are prohibited, he has retained his enforced nom de plume and probably will continue to do so despite legislation.

The most important craving he has is for tobacco. His pursuit of the little god Nicotine is most vicious. His proving of tobacco after a nose and throat examination, are the best that we have ever seen. Ask Briggs if you doubt our word. He gazed on the filthy weed with much misgiving, took a slight puff, and began to have visions of sudden and unexpected departure from this life of toil. He took another puff and began to turn yellow. With Briggs coaching from the side-lines, he took another suck and began to turn a sickly green. Briggs urged him on with, "Atta boy, keep right at it and show yourself a man," as Whisky sank sickly into a chair and began to rub his eyes, which had become inflamed from the smoke and which were developing a marked convergent squint. As he began to talk irrationally about his many loves and conquests, several ran for a receptacle for his dinner, while others supported him from both sides and Briggs continued to take an unholy joy in consoling him in his misfortune.

Soon, however, we were forced to carry him out and give him a bed for a few hours. He did not return to college for the rest of the week.

We think this shocking. Such bad judgment and poor behavior for a junior student. If you ever want to see him turn green from envy or what not, pull out a large black cigar from your pocket and breathe out volumes of that fragrant smoke. You can then count Whisky out.

## WILLIAM CHARLES VEIGEL WELLS

Delanco, N. J.

Born in Delanco, November 13, 1895.

Farnum Preparatory School, Beverly, N. J., 1913; Peirce Business College, 1915.

Basketball (PM); Orchestra (2).

Alpha Sigma; American Legion, Post 114, Delanco, N. J.

*"Bill," "Cocky"*

*"His only labor was to kill time."*

Remember when he arrived. So shy, so backward and retiring. Look at him now. The only thing left of his former self is his peaches and cream complexion, which we are sorry we are unable to portray in the above picture or in the cartoon. No wonder the fair ones fall and he has frequent attacks of that well-known inflammation of the vital center, known as nursitis.

However, to return to our subject. Remember how you said, "Have a cigarette?" and he answered, "Oh! No thank you, I never smoke." But this was five years ago, now anything goes with Bill. Time certainly works great changes, but all the same he leaves the college in the same way in which he entered—in love.

Notwithstanding this fact, Bill is naturally a born comedian. His ready wit, humor and repartee have been a constant source of fun to his "side-kicks."

During the last few years he has formed a firm friendship with John Kistler. This friendship is so close that they have grown to look alike and have been mistaken for twins by strangers.

They have been referred to as the Beau Brummels of the class and such a reference was not far amiss, for John, the immaculate little gentleman, is followed by Bill to the smallest detail.

It is rumored that after they have served their interneship at the same hospital and have completed their research work in Aberhalden test for pregnancy on spinal fluid, they intend to start in practice together—we wish them much success.

## GEORGE FOREST WRIGHT

Salix, Pa.

Born in Alum Rock, Pa., September 11, 1892.

Adams Township High School, 1912; Valparaiso University, 1 year, Ex. 1915; Juniata College, 1 year, Ex. 1920.

Pi Upsilon Rho.

Married on February 12, 1913, to Helen Francis Doris; one son.

*"George"*

*"May no ill dreams disturb my rest,*
*Nor powers of darkness me molest."*

Oh yes, he comes from the rural districts! Did you ever hear him say, "I reckon it to be 23?" We reckon him to be one of the jolliest men in the class. Always a laugh and a look on the bright side, despite the fact that he is married and has a family. Like most of our married men, he has acquired a girth worthy of a member of the Hahnemann faculty, and like some of them, has been losing some of his hair. This gives him a dignified appearance calculated to be of value later in life.

He has been fortunate in being able to study conditions at close range. That husky offspring of his even now causes him worry and loss of sleep. Remember how he described the youthful prodigy's symptoms to Dr. Paxson, laying great stress on the "whoop?" Dr. Paxson asked if he reported the case to the Board of Health. George replied that he did not and furthermore that he did not intend to do so. We felt so bad when Dr. Paxson said with great dignity, "Well now, that's too bad. You see, I happen to be one of the physicians in that work." Since this incident George has been most careful that none of his family get sick. 'Tis rumored that George believes in counter irritation in the young as a efficient prophylaxis.

He is a plugger, a true student and a good fellow. We reckon that success will be his.

## ROBERT HENRY WYMER

Huntingdon, Pa.

Born in Huntingdon, June 13, 1898.

Huntingdon High School, 1916; Juniata College, 1 year, Ex. 1920.

Glee Club (1), (4);

Pi Upsilon Rho.

*"Bob"*

*"He hath all the ten Commandments on his face."*

Bob is neither fair nor forty, but he is fat. This is nothing against him, although this fact may be presented as incriminating evidence of the matrimonial state. Of this condition, however, we have no further evidence except that we know that his taste is for good things. Certain members of the class have inquired if Bob's taste led him to investigate a certain lady's supply of good things. We wonder!

Bob is another one of our classmates who distinguished himself on the Allentown trip. Having been there as a resident during the summer months following our junior year, he knew all the ropes and his knowledge of the ways and means helped many members of the class to enjoy their stay in Allentown. His lectures on dementia praecox, etc., were very helpful and deeply appreciated by his classmates.

With his glasses and his corporation, he has a very professional appearance and with these attributes, along with his way with the women and his medical training, he is sure to be a success.

## OSCAR FREDERICK ZIEGLER

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born in Philadelphia, June 8, 1897.

West Philadelphia High School, 1916.

Orchestra (PM), (1); Glee Club (4); Student Editor Hahnemannian (4); F. and A. M.

*"Oscar"*

*"Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing*
*Did certain persons die before they sing."*

Did you ever hear a loud, drawn-out war-whoop from the subterranean depths below the office? It is like nothing we have ever heard before or since, and surely we will never hope to hear it again. No one knows how to describe it. It has variously been described as the cry of a lost soul, the moan of a jackall on the prairie at night, or the howl of that well-known long-eared barnyard accessory. However, it is nothing more or less than Oscar expressing his joy at living. He has to get it off his chest somewhere, and it is his way of saying that the world and life are good. It is most noticeable in the morning after he has taken some member of the fair sex (preferably red headed) to the opera and enjoyed an "emotional boost." He tries to convince us that it is part of the opera he heard the night before, depending on our ignorance to get away with it, but we know better.

He is a good student and invariably is one of the first to finish an exam, but some are inclined to ascribe his success to the faculty being unable to read his mistakes.

He is a friend worth having and a gentleman, despite the fact that he is one of those that hang around the smoking room, and is an exponent of pinochle as elevating the mind.

As a life-saver in the summer, he was one of the civic attractions pointed out to the ladies at Wildwood Crest. Despite the fact that he is radical in all things, we predict that he will be successful as a life-saver in the profession as a high potency prescriber.

## HIRAM GRANT STRAUB

Minersville, Pa.

Born in Minersville, February 26, 1891.

Minersville High School, 1908; Franklin and Marshall Academy, 1909; Ursinus College, A.B., 1913; Hahnemann Medical College, M.D., 1917; Interne Women's Homeopathic Hospital, 1917, 1918; First Lieutenant U. S. Medical Corps, 1918, 1919; Post Grad. Course, Hahnemann College, 1920—1921.

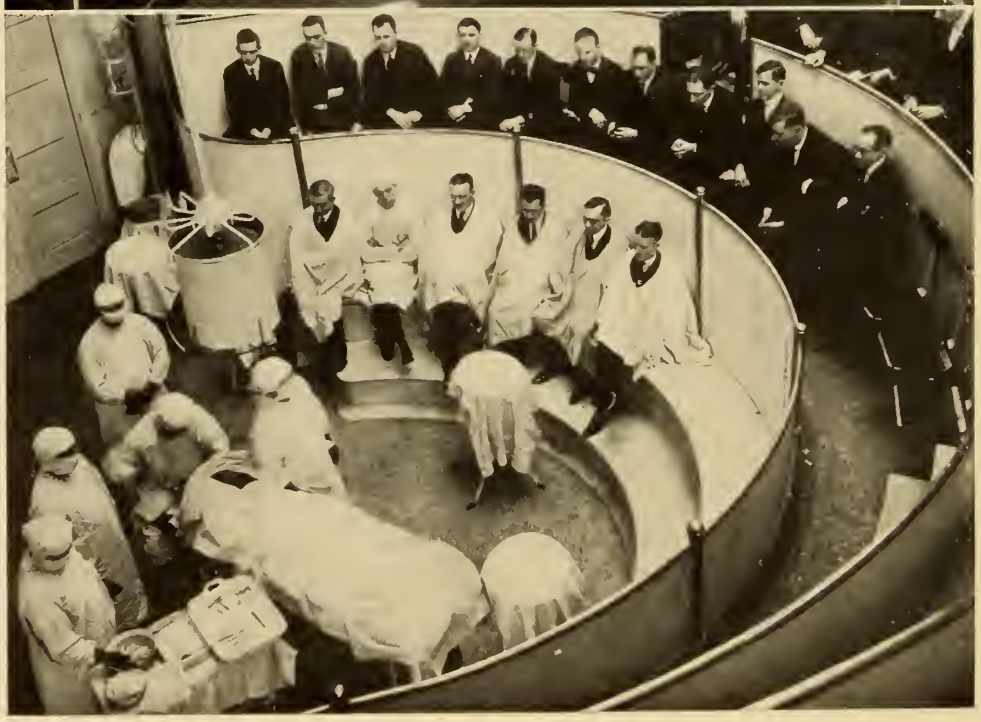
Phi Alpha Gamma; Alpha Omega.

Married on November 24, 1917, to Florence S. Conway.

Dr. Straub graduated from Hahnemann in 1917. He patriotically enlisted in the U. S. Army and served for a year and a half as a First Lieutenant. Most of his service was in France. We congratulate him and envy him his opportunity to serve his country in time of war.

Being one of those men with an inordinate desire for more knowledge, he returned to college to take special work with us in our senior year. Dr. Straub's roster gave us very little chance to see him during his short stay, and consequently we have had little opportunity of appreciating him as a classmate—for so we wish to consider him. Nevertheless, what opportunities we have had, we appreciate and can only feel sorry that he has not been with us for a longer time.

HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL AMBULANCE



Among the precious recollections tucked safely in memories cavernous abode is the one which takes us back to our S. A. T. C. days. There still lingers a vivid picture of it all from the first thrill of military life incorporated in that patriotic letter from the Dean to the last suit of O. D. woolens to be stowed away from the eyes of the world and hungry moths in the family clothes press. Picture again, if you will, how we arrived, as instructed, equipped with the singular number only of the various necessities to propriety and modest appearance. And how that one struggling suit of civics worked double duty and often steamed reluctantly under the pressing-iron of some wild haired Greek whilst we lay disrobed in bed "cussing" our unlucky star and wishing War had not been invented. Recall, too, that amateur salute and how hard it was at first to keep the thumb close to the index finger. Yet, even this became perfunctory with us and we honored bell-hops and seargents; and anything with brass buttons received our formal greeting. The Faculty itself acquired the habit; in fact, it is said to have assumed such chronicity with the Dean that he often saluted in his sleep.

Out of chaos arose law and order, and we eventually became soldiers of the rank and file. However, our earliest experience in this capacity led the good old Colonel to believe that we were more rank than file. Our first assembly under his official observation took place on the broad and spacious campus south of the college, while brisk September skies laughed at our futile efforts. "Right dress" was the command for our thoughtful consideration. The execution of it was pathetic. At least one-half the outfit peeped boldly to the left and focused its profound gaze upon three nifty "chickens" strolling up Broad, and consequently left thoughts of right-dress and military tactics in a sphere of oblivion. Someone had blundered! Someone vollied and thundered—the lieutenant, of course. We were presently portioned off into squads of eight, according to the size of our shoes or something. Each squad received an aspiring young general, who concentrated his efforts on teaching us his version of the A. B. C.'s of close order formation, and incidentally spent the rest of the morning in breaking us through a half a dozen back yards.

By the end of the week we had all improved our "pedicular" technique to such a degree that the officer in charge felt safe in exhibiting his gallant men to the critical public. Hence we hiked Parkward. Lynchronously, "Admiral" Miller's flock of lusty "gobs" attained such perfection and thereafter helped to adorn the highways at frequent intervals. Most of our drilling was done along the Parkway and every cobblestone between that point and the Armory was thoroughly sucussed ere three months had elapsed.

After drill came mess, and never was an ordeal better named. It would be contrary to the ethics of polite society to devote many endearing words to the memory of

our daily bread. Let it suffice to but mention, in passing, a few of the favorite dishes which comprised our "chow." The chefs incidentally did not confine themselves to any particular kind of diet and served a varied menu from myriads of prunes and prunes to the kingdom of tripe and oysters in season and out. Worthy of consideration, however, was that Portland cement entree, namely, fried bread on the high pinnacle of fame side by side with the builders of the pyramids and Lydia Pinkham should the name of he who discovered the process for petrifying ordinary American bread be placed. Indeed, it was no uncommon sight to behold a brother in woe arise from his seat and with tools in hand and a knee braced firmly against the table, ask old man Allah to aid him chisel the morsel into fragments more compatible with life. So thus we toiled with knives and forks as well as with brooms and guns.

As a unit of Uncle Sam's forces, we lived in that spacious hut which stands by the bony banks of the Reading Railroad. There the four winds and elements of the universe nightly sought retreat; there switch engines frolicked madly with box-cars from sunset until dawn did we abide peacefully together. Life in the barracks was otherwise similar to a huge game of checkers. It consisted principally in one move after another. Although we never acquired the king row, a certain portion of the company managed to get as far as the bread-box. The austere Captain Frazee, who ultimately took us under his protecting wing, believed religiously that variety put spice into life. Consequently, we moved sleeping quarters from company rooms to drill floor and back again with weekly regularity. Many of the remaining hours, men not answering the summons of the seargent's beastly whistle were occupied in profound study of the school of the broom, its thrusts and its defences. K. P. also had its day for us all and ere we forsook that windy castle, we received our degree in the art of "hash" slinging.

Saddest of memory's stirring scenes is the one revealing the day we first donned khaki. Napoleon himself felt no sharper pangs of defeat at Waterloo than did we when pride bit the dust in a second hand lot of army duds. All the sun-bleached relics of former battles from Bunker Hill to Chateau Thierry were included in that consignment of wearing apparel. There were shoes too large for Jess Willard and those too small for a Cinderella. As for trousers and jackets, some did and some did not. The writer was the proud recipient of a pair of trousers roomy enough for twins and a mattress besides. They were no doubt designed to be a "one man" top for a wheelbarrow. Another friend in need found himself in a jacket many, many sizes too large, and derived much pleasure in hiding from envious eyes by pulling in his ears and ducking his head beneath the collar band. Thus arrayed, we precipitated ourselves upon the unsuspecting world and often became the cause of amazement and perplexity to the innocent bystander.

However, dear brothers, those days are past. As we gaze reminiscently upon that much coveted discharge paper, let us think not of the trials and petty hardships of our S. A. T. C. days, but only of the mirth and good spirit in our noble company. And if regrets creep into the mind, let them only be that the tides of fortune did not permit our further indulgence in Democracy's momentous cause.

RUSSELL S. ANDERSON.

Due to the failure on the part of Dean Pearson to realize that nine o'clock was an exceedingly early hour for a Senior, an arrangement was made for the entire class to be at the Sixty-ninth Street station at the aforesaid early hour. Much to the surprise of all, even Joe Shallcross, for once in the entire four years, managed to be on time. Sholley also managed to be there despite the fact that he had spent a large part of the preceding night taking care of his West Philadelphia practice. It is rumored that he had secured his fame through successful treatment of a particularly severe infraorbital pimple. Kutteroff did not go to bed at all, fearing that if he once went to sleep he would be left behind. His fears are justifiable, too.

Other wayfarers noted with much pleasure that an extra car had been provided for our use. This pleased us also, but in no way could the elation we felt over the matter be compared to that of those who were compelled by force of circumstance to be fellow travelers. The two hours spent along the way gave the class an excellent opportunity to get together and become better acquainted with each other. Everyone took advantage of this except the pinochle team.

On arriving at Allentown the crowd "proceeded directly to the hotel" (with acknowledgment to Don Dorsey). Lichtenwalner managed to put his name on the register twice. There could only be one reason for such action. Anyone can plainly see our Tyrolean friend had never been away from home before. Cohen was much impressed with the opulence of the town. "There must be lots of money in this town for even the policemen wear gold badges." Leave it to Cohen. He could find a lost penny in a haystack. In all justice to Max, let it be said that he was the only one in the entire class who managed to attach himself to a nice Packard car. Hiwale decided to take a picture of some of the boys at the monument. This did not quite meet the approval of a portion of the police

force, who had evidently reached the conclusion that we were a party of "Reds" bent on destruction of Allentown's tribute to her soldiers. However, after Hiwale consulted the other policeman he was granted permission to proceed. And he did his worst.

The street railway company had evidently received some notice of our presence, for they provided an inspector to make our first trip with us. It later proved that his presence was very offensive to Miller, who found that he was not permitted to indulge in the puerile sport of blowing the car whistle. Most of the other occupants of the car seemed to be of the opinion that we were a new consignment of inmates by the expressions on the faces of most of them. Their opinions were strengthened by the fact that Hunter and Scudder insisted upon singing various popular and unpopular songs. Their voices did not seem to enchant nor their selections please the feminine element, most of whom left the car at the very next stop. Perhaps there was too much pathos in the songs.

With a glad hand we welcome into our midst R. T. Bugg and A. B. Daub. We are sure both of these eminent gentlemen will be an honor to the class of twenty-one. Mr. Lyncki also chose to cast his lot with the class. We feel sure none of these gentlemen will ever regret his decision. For full particulars consult the files of Allentown Chronicle-Times.

Some one managed to find a show in town. Yes, it is really true. It was a good show if we are to believe the reports that Long and Sykes brought back to us. Of course it may have been good, but one would hardly expect a bunch of old married men to know anything about shows, for it is not often that their wives permit them to go to such places. Isn't it true, Meng? McGarvey being a jazz hound, soon discovered a place to exercise. He tried his best to keep the rest of the gang from his find, but was unsuccessful for there were others in the crowd who could shake a mean shoulder once in a while. No names mentioned, but Pierson isn't any slouch at that kind of stuff. Snader felt much hurt by the plebian amusement enjoyed by the majority and hied himself to the movies. No, he didn't go to the "Idol Dancer."

Carroll must have found himself, for he suddenly broke loose and became a "heavy." Where did he manage to find the girls? And every night, and with the same ones. Perhaps John may really pick up a little courage and advance more rapidly than in the past. Indeed, long ago we gave up hope that he would ever marry. By the present aspect he may fool the whole bunch. There is going to be a lot of mail travel between two certain places this winter. Even "Dogbane" became an addict. This is not unusual, however, and is viewed with less alarm than Johnny's case. Hiwale,

according to ancient Hindu custom, annexed two girls. This was very selfish of him, since poor old "Sock" Johnson and "Mrs." Bier were unable to have any at all.

Meng and Hening spent the major portion of each evening in writing appealing letters home. All of you fellows know just about what went into those letters: "How lonesome I am," "How dull Allentown is," "There is nothing for me to do at all," "I am thinking of you all the time." These are all the pet phrases of the newly married, so there need be no alarm regarding their sanity. Most everyone will be pulling the same stuff sooner or later. That is all those who are not already married. Why these poor lonesome boys had to leave Allentown before the end of our stay. Isn't it great to be in Love?

Bill Wells did a little exhibition bicycle riding which was much appreciated by the townsfolk who were present. However, due to the fact that Bill never performs before midnight, few of the populace had the opportunity to witness his daredevil stunts. Abie Dalton instituted a course of instruction in baking. His first series of lectures was accompanied by an able demonstration, and was given complimentary to the night force of the Kolb Bakery. The men appreciated the ability of the instructor and after the demonstration served Prof. Dalton and party with a delicious luncheon. Lead Kistler became much attached to a broom and it was with much difficulty that he was dissuaded from entering that field of manufacturing. Shollenberger persuaded him that brooms had gone the way of the horse, insomuch as they are at present used only to sweep shredded wheat out of the rooms in hotels.

Hosier had much difficulty keeping his hair back. He thinks the atmosphere about Allentown had some effect, for during his short stay he used a whole bottle of hair tonic. Maybe one of the bell boys drank it. You never can trust the lower classes when there is anything containing alcohol lying about. Hen Goekin is going to have his eyes examined, because he found that he couldn't tell a lone pair of twos from three twos. It must be admitted that such a blunder is of the utmost importance, and we feel sure that Hen would be benefited both physically and financially by use of the properly fitted glasses.

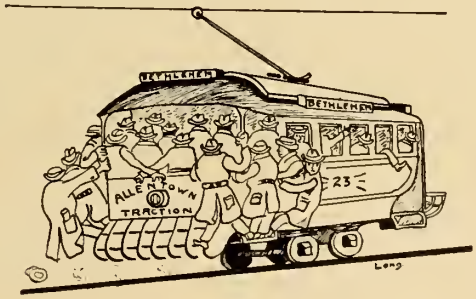
Although Middleport, Ohio, is a long way from Allentown, Middleton surely must have impressed the residents of the latter town that his village really does exist. It is interesting to note that Davis was converted from the Democratic party to the G. O. P. during his short sojourn. You must say he is at least a very clever hand at picking the winners. But, Mid, please do not take this too seriously and start betting the races. You can not be right all the time. Maybe you just made a good guess this time.

Bob Wymer insisted upon classifying various members of the class under certain groups of insanity. His wide experience in this field of work, of course, gave him much confidence, and insomuch as the majority were unable to appreciate fine distinctions between the various groups of insanity, Bob was allowed to discourse to his heart's content.

From all reports the Lehigh river is an excellent place to canoe. At least McLaren and Dorsey report it so. However, the reports they give are doubtless biased. Anyway, it seemed rather late in the year to be drifting around the river in a canoe. Really it must have been chilly. Perhaps not. Then again one doesn't notice certain things under certain circumstances.

In closing, the class wishes to congratulate Dr. Klopp and his associates on the Hospital and on the excellent course of instruction given to us. We all came away from Allentown with a good general knowledge of the various forms of insanity and its treatment. There was work as well as play on the trip, and we worked just as hard as we played. In truth, we feel we had the best time and the best work of any class that ever visited Allentown.

HAROLD J. MCLAREN.



20-21.

In every line of sport that our college has attempted, a certain measure of success has been won. Latent ability has been produced and our worthy opponents made to sit up and take notice.

Away back in the dark ages of the Pre-Med. year we found that Athletics at Hahnemann had been in a most profound coma for a long time. Being the "freshest gang" to ever enter college. we had the crust to challenge the then sophomore class to a game of basketball. We trimmed that team, composed principally of Twink Twining, while the Freshmen were taking the combined Juniors and Seniors into camp.

From this rather spontaneous and humble beginning, the famous rough neck team of 1916-1917 was developed. The speedy Twink held down the center job; Jack Toomey, Dave McGarvey and Cocky Wells did the forward work, while Ray Zapf, Speed Elliott, Dutch Lichtenwalner and Bill Day went in as guards. Several games were played with many wild happenings.

Between the time that the above team held forth and 1920-1921, several teams represented us. We early joined the Inter-City College League and had a tough time getting a start. In the year 1919-1920 we pushed forth in the league.

This year, however, finds us to be up in the front and fighting hard. Toomey, Pierson, Brewer, Briggs, Miller, Fischer, Haas and Rilling are looked to bring home the old championship bacon.

Each year we have placed a team in the Penn Relays.

In 1920 the Central "Y" held an Inter-City Collegiate Indoor Meet. After the smoke had cleared away we found that Toomey held the record for short sprints and "Abe" Dalton for the shot put.

Started by a challenge from the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. in 1917 (via Harold B. Shaw), we took unto ourselves the task of playing them a Thanksgiving Day game. We licked 'em so bad that in one game they didn't even want to play the last quarter, with Hahnemann coming out on the long end of a 7-0 score.

In 1918 we opened the season by defeating the St. Joseph's College 7-0. Lack of condition laid up three men and almost ruined us all for the rest of the season. We patched up, however, and bowled 'em all over for the next four games. P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. fell harder than ever on

Thanksgiving Day, 1918, by a 18-0 score. Then West Chester Normal School visited us at the P. R. R. grounds. By effectively using an old Perdue quick shift formation, they defeated us 12-7.

A return game was played at West Chester Normal School the following Saturday. The mud was inches deep, the officials in the game were closely related to the Normal Team, and borrowed stars studded their line-up. Despite our previous defeat and all the rest of the handicaps, "we beat 'em." "Whitey" Wagner went over for a touchdown in the first quarter and "Abe" Dalton did it again with but thirty seconds to play and thirty-five yards to go. West Chester took their little licking to the tune of 12 to 0 sadly to heart. Williamson lads were defeated 12-0, and Drexel was played to a standstill at 0-0.

*When Hahnemann Defeated Temple*

The following year we trimmed St. Joseph's again and then had to stop. The studies of the Junior year took too much time and attention.

After each athletic season had closed, the same sentiment has always been in our minds. If we only had the time and opportunity to condition and practice, with our material, we sure could do wonders.

WILLIS B. DAY.

*Hamlet in Utero, or the Aspiring Foetus*

To flex, or not to flex—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better an R. O. P.
To let my head extend and present myself abrow,
Or even turn a face and make
The two convexities of spine a good excuse
To give the nurse the chance she needs
To prove her diagnostic powers,
Or whether in this sea of amniotic fluid
To simply do a version on my own
And as an L. S. A. dilate the os
And just prolapse just an inch or so of cord.
But time grows short—
I feel the pains of labor round me press,
Increasing in their strength and frequency,
The membranes bulge!
Ah, me! My heart is sad,
I'm just an L. O. A.

---

"The sun sets day after day, week after week, year after year, and is still broodless. Oh, how mighty is the hen."

---

Prof.'s Wife—"I need a new hat, dear."
Prof.—"All right, I have the students buy some more of my text books."

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To Cohen on Thursday, April 17th, 1919—"Say, you should be at home taking Passover today."
Cohen—"Yes I know, but we have Dr. Sappington today."

Dr. Frosch—"Hydrastis is used to stop post-mortem hemorrhage."
Day corrected him.
Dr. Frosch—"It's funny how you get that way."

---

Dr. Sylvis—"With hemorrhage what is first thing to do?"
George—"Give the heart something to work on."
Dr. Sylvis—"What about stopping hemorrhage?"
George—"Oh yes!"

---

Coming from the maternity building, Dalton was heard to say, "Diogenes was right. He never even tried to find an honest woman."

---

"I don't like these photos at all," he said. "I look like an ape."
The photographer favored him with a glance of lofty disdain.
"You should have thought of that before you had them taken," was his reply as he turned back to work.

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Dr. Hopp—"Miller, when do you apply alcohol in staining for T. B.?"
Miller—"Before 1st of July, 1919."

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Other Jokes.
Miller.

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The Roster especially at exam time in Junior year.
The Editorial Staff.

HUNTER

McGARVEY

GOEKIN

PIERSON

# THE HAHNEMANN MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Our present organization was formed during the session of 1849-1850 as the Williamsonian Institute. Upon the request of Professor Williamson, in whose honor the organization was named, it became known as the Hahnemann Medical Institute.

In the Philadelphia Journal of Homeopathy for March, 1853, we find the following account:

"This association is composed of the students attending the lectures in the Homeopathic College of Philadelphia.

"The design of the organization is the mutual improvement of its individual members. Quizzes on all the branches taught in the college are held regularly by members chosen from the society and who receive as incentive to the faithful performance of their duties the title of professor.

"At the close of each college session they have adopted the plan of holding a commencement, at which time they have an annual oration and a valedictory, and all those who have been sufficiently successful to become passed candidates for the degree of Doctor of Medicine in the college are rewarded with a diploma from the Institute also; provided they have complied with the rules and regulations."

The college journal called the "Medical Institutes of Philadelphia" was edited under the auspices of the organization. The name of this publication was changed to the "Institutes" and again to the "Hahnemannian Institutes," which name it maintained until its discontinuance.

The above is a brief account of the society and its activities at that time.

At the time of our entrance to Hahnemann in 1916, the design was found to be changed somewhat. The social element had gained appreciable prominence in the purpose of the meetings and under the able leadership of R. Albert Walther, a very successful season was passed. A musical and dance was held at the Hotel Rittenhouse and this affair was a phenomenal success, due to the efforts of our musical clubs; which later in year went to Wilmington, Delaware, to render a concert. Again they returned with laurels.

During the war the organization suffered the oppression felt by other such societies. However, the regular meetings were held and notable speakers never lacking.

With Robert Kistler as president last year, we saw signs of the old time spirit returning. The most remarkable event of the year was the dance given in conjunction with the musical clubs of Lafayette College at the Bellevue-Stratford. Much credit is due the efforts of William Walker in making the affair the one far surpassing all former attempts at social activities. To this all were agreed and we will long remember that enjoyable evening.

We now arrive at the threshold year and find our own Bob Hunter at the helm; this should be sufficient to realize the success of the year. The meetings have all been well attended and we have enjoyed a wealth of good speakers. Special nights were arranged such as Faculty Night and Ladies' Night, which were most enjoyable. The banquet for the year promises to be a great affair. When this account is read it will be past history. Everett Dickinson was chairman of the committee.

The officers of the Institute:

*President*—Robert M. Hunter
*Vice President*—David F. McGarvey
*Treasurer*—Henry F. Goekin
*Secretary*—W. Morris Pierson

EVERETT H. DICKINSON.

COMBINED CLUBS–1919-20

# Musical Clubs

The musical clubs of Hahnemann claim the tender age of six years. The organization was created in October of 1915; and since that time has stemmed the seething tides of destiny and adverse circumstances, gaining at length its present utopia of harmony and song. In this initial club were twenty charter members, of whom all were earnest workers and who laid the foundation upon which has been built a musical reputation for Hahnemann. The Orchestra made its debut under the able leadership of Dr. Paul C. Wittman, '16; and Dr. Harold A. Taggart, '19, piloted the Glee Club. The first season brought immediate success and reflected glory upon those who thus strove to set higher ideals for their Alma Mater.

The second organization, led by Dr. Taggart and Dr. A. R. Seraphin, '17, enjoyed an unusually bright season. Two of the concerts of that year, of which special mention should be made, were given at the Rittenhouse Hotel in December and at the New Century Club of Wilmington, Delaware, in April. A splendid dance followed on both occasions.

The advent of America's entrance into the World War seriously hindered several subsequent seasons. During these years Dr. Taggart continued as leader of the Glee Club; and Louis Eskin, formerly of the class of '21, followed by Robert Leman, '24, swayed the baton over the orchestra. Nevertheless, during the following season of '19-20, Dr. William Walker, '20, as manager, renewed some of the old-time "pep" and succeeded for the first time in the history of the organization in giving a joint concert with another club. This event was held with Lafayette University Combined Clubs at the Bellevue-Stratford in May. Dr. Harry Mark's, '20, ability as leader of the Glee Club and Robert Leman's masterful control of the orchestra demonstrated once again Old Hahnemann's ability in the sphere of art.

The present year finds progress in vogue with a club which will undoubtedly dispense joy to the world 'ere the rosy month of June rolls around. Leman continues admirably at his post with the Orchestra, while Henry S. Ruth, '23, breaks down the sullen barriers of silence and leads a willing Glee Club in the rhythmical cadence of song. The business management for the season has been entrusted to Anderson and Scudder, both of the class of '21. May their efforts stimulate a lasting enthusiasm for those who follow in later years.

RUSSELL S. ANDERSON.

## JUNIORS AT THE BAR

*In One Spasm.*

As the curtain recedes a peaceful view is obtained of Room No. 2 early Tuesday morning with the numerous members of the notorious Junior Class scattered as far back as possible. Burns has just slid in at 9.04 4-5 A. M. and Mr. Griffith has balanced himself on the stool at the desk to begin the day. Mr. Griffith digs out of his inside coat pocket a dilapidated abused piece of paper that would disillusion the staunchest believer in the theory of the survival of the fittest. For your benefit it is or was a roll sheet.

"Gentlemen, it is exactly 9.05 and we must call the roll.

"Burns! You thought I was just waiting for you, didn't you?"

Burns—"Ive been here since half-past eight, haven't I, Neff?"

Neff—"No."

"Bodenbender!" "Here."

"Breen!" "Here." "Are your feet dry yet?" "Yes, Doctor, I took some Eupatorium Prouferatum 3 X last night and I feel fine."

"Crowther!" "Here."

"Dodies!" "Here."

"Geckeler!"

Crowther—"There he is at the door now, shall I let him in?"

"Oh, yes, let him in. If I turned him out he might not even get here after this."

"Hale!" "Yes, I see him."

"Hanby!" "Glad to see you. Have thought out an excuse for that absence yet?"

Hanby—"Give me a chance, Doctor, and don't worry over it."

Mr. Griffith—"Oh, I'm not, but you'd betie: before May comes."

Stitzel—"May who, did he say, Matty?" aside.

Matty—"I don't know many of these Philadelphia Janes, I tell you."

"Hartman!" "Here."

"Lessig!" "You're all right, I got your excuse."

"Neff!" "Right here, sir."

"Roman!" "Here."

"Stitzel!" "Here."

Kep—"Matty got him up, didn't he Stitz?" Argument in subdued tones immediately started and Matt's ability as a Big Ben or a "Sleep Metre" in danger.

"Szall!" "Have you those two excuses you owe me yet?" Usual negative response—"Well, you'd better hump up, you've owed them to me since October."

Szall—"Better owe them to you than cheat you cut of them."

"Thomas!" "Here."

"Thompson!" "Good morning. Are your several excuses ready too?"

"No? Well, wait till I get doping out some marks later on and you'll be hollering then, you fellows."

"Toomey!" "Oh, yes, he's the chap that is allowed ten minutes for his train to get in. I remember."

Hartman—"It'll take more than an extra ten minutes to get him out of Coatesville this morning, Doctor. Ask Kep, he knows."

Mr. Griffith—"Well, if he wants a big time send him to me."

"Williams!" "Here."

Neff—"Congratulations, Lambie."

"Zapf!" "On deck, sir."

Mr. Griffith—"That's pretty good. Now, at the close of our last lecture, I left off with 'femme-sole-traitor,' which is the way women do to pull one over on their husbands." "What's your name?"

"Toomis, sir," as Toomey comes in the door all out of breath from being chased in by Kratz and Mrs. Slocomb.

Mr. Griffith records the above mentioned phenomenon and puts the valuable deed away. He says—"Gentlemen, let me congratulate you upon being a perfect class——"

Voices—"Wish the other doctors thought so." "Can't you convince the rest of the Faculty?" "You said it," etc.

Each man expressing an opinion upon this medico-legal subject.

Mr. Griffith—"Let me finish! A perfect class in attendance for once only." (A chorus of groans verified the general disappointment). "Now, I am going to bring a woman into our lectures, young, pretty and clever."

Zapf—"How soon, Doctor?"

Mr. Griffith—"I mean as an illustration of this 'femme-sole-traitor' case. But I will give that to you a little later when we get into the subject more. There is always some way to get around the law, you know."

PAUL C. CROWTHER.

## CLASS OF 1923

Brewer, William R.
"Behold the Tyrone plutocrat.
Whom the P. R. R. provides for—'from shoes to hat.' "

Closson, James Harwood, 3rd.
"Of cynics and of woman haters—here we have the ace,
His beliefs if universal would ruin the human race;
As cynic and woman hater our president poses
If he really is either, it's in Homeopathic doses."

Goshorn, Roy Wilson
"He's our little bouncing baby in '23,
If he lives and learns—a man he may be."

Gosling, Walter W.
"Goose has but two aims in his gay young life,
To cure Brooklyn's sick and to make H— his wife."

Krick, Alfred E.
"Al couldn't stand the poor single life,
So he fooled 'em all, and found him a wife."

Kummel, William J.
"If a doctor's job is to cheat the grave,
Can this lad do it with his Marcelle wave?"

Lawrence, Robert Bruce
"Here we have the complacent 'Speed,'
A record for time, he'll never exceed."

Lee, Willard J.
"Look upon 'Wit'—the chief 'wowzer' is he,
Who persistently holds sway at the Beaux Arts till 3."

McGavack, Thomas Hodge
"Doug Fairbanks is noted for his smile,
Better stop and look at Mac's awhile."

Magee, Russell S.
"Tis true he's called the 'late Dr. Magee'
Atill he 'gets by' with it—by gosh—by gee!"

Maher, Joseph A.
"He's a somber lad with a sphinx-like mien,
But a good doctor he'll make, 'tis easily seen."

Marano, Michael A.
"Here's a fellow who hails from 'New York'
And that's not all—he's a bear for 'work.' "

Marks, Hale
"The moustache seems to increase his age,
But would it be there were it not for the sage?"

Moberly, Fred Park
"His heart's in Tioga, his home in Kentucky,
For a Southern lad, the boy's quite lucky."

Nash, John F.
"John's another with little to say
But he's got the stuff in every way."

Northrup, Glenn R.
"This little boy we so seldom see,
We sometimes wonder if he belongs in 23."

Phelps, Joseph, Jr.
"Joe hails from Jersey, where 'skeeters' hold sway,
Perhaps he'll rival Gorgas and conquer them some day."

Pierson, John Crumbaugh
"Studious, athletic, musical and single,
He'll surely succeed when he hangs out his shingle."

Ruth, Henry Swartley
"On the straight single life Hen was firmly intent
Until across his path his Lola was Zendt."

Siemion, Theophilus R.
"His first name's against him—it's pretty bad
But except for that he's a pretty good lad."

Stetson, Leon A.
"Perfect and exacting in every way,
Stet's will make a good 'doc' some day."

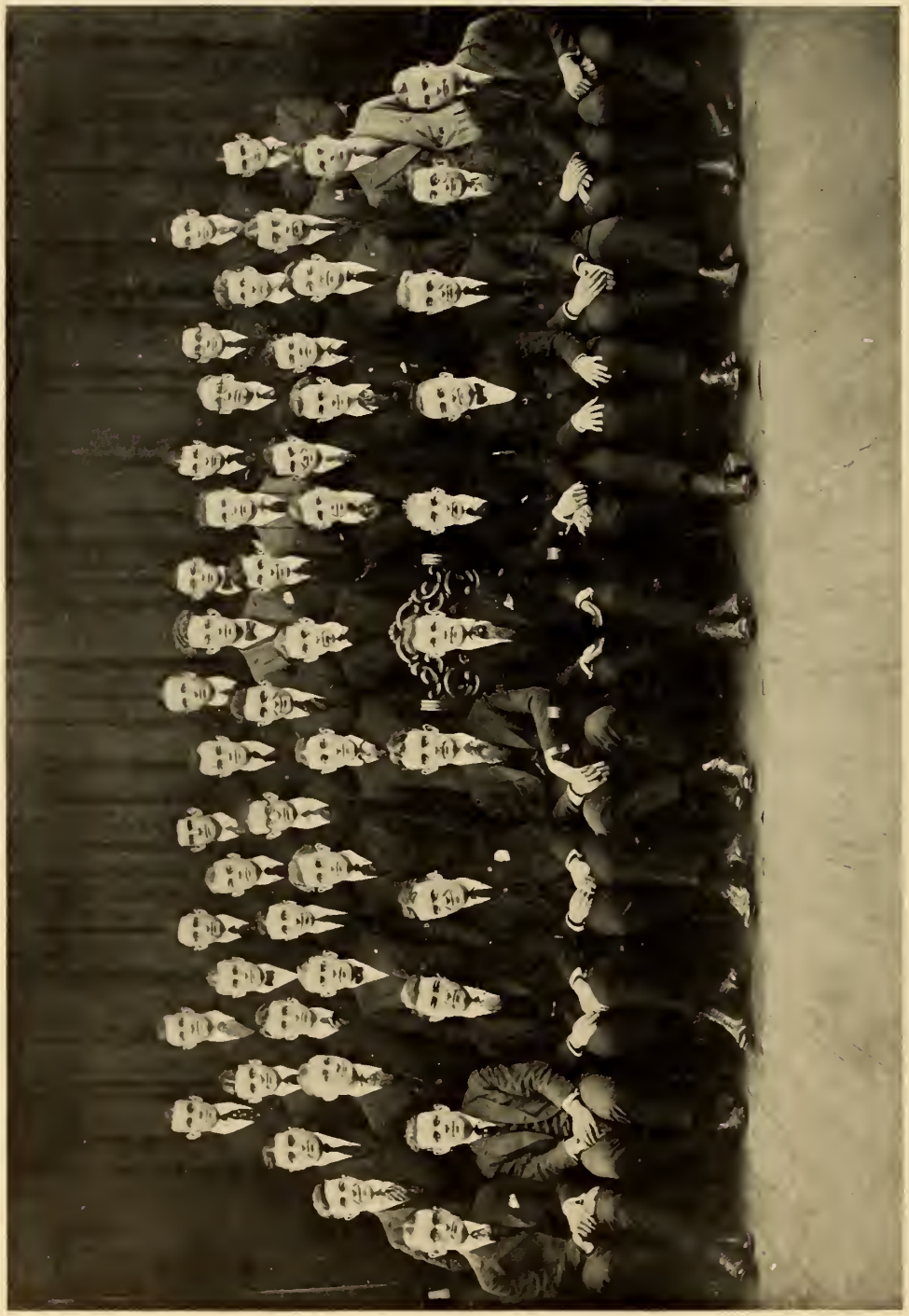
Sutherland, William S.
"Here's to the boy who looks so nifty,
Wax for the moustache and clothes that knock many a 'fifty.' "

White, Arthur J.
"Behold Pop White, so dignified and sedate,
He's another who has taken unto himself a mate."

White, Charles J.
"When it comes to *shows* and their *showing*
You may be sure that Charlie *knows*—and is *going*."

Wessel, Matthew C.
"This fellow belongs in a *class* all his own,
Still he's a loyal '23-er as is generally known."

JOHN C. PIERSON.



## 1924 JINGLE

In the fall of 1918, when EN DOERING days were late,
A CAMPER and a LEMAN knocked at the college GATES.
"CONLIN, what can I do for you? Perhaps a COYNE you need.
But have a CAMPBELL while we chat—
You know that there's no harm in that!—
And here's a BOHN for feed."
The Dean's "pep" made them leary,
For sooth, their heads were GEARY.
Then EPSTEIN came and YANKOWICZ,
BERNOSCO, too, was throwing fits.
GRIFFITH with his CASCARELLO—
A VALIBUS that was WARING mellow—
Came ROHLING to the college rear.
"You'd best HOLLOWELL for the Dean to hear."
"WAUGH ya' want," was the adipose REGELMAN'S bawl.
"In RICHARD do you think your car will stall?"
FOLLWEILER, GREENBERG and LORENZ
Made for the yard, his dull life to end;
Sons of Hahnemann back with a punch again.
WRIGHT here let me state, that instead of a slate
They used a good sized HANAWALT.
"You'll be LYNCHED," cried UMSTED,
"Come, get off of his head—
Here's a KAHN of FULLERTON salt."
Then McCONAGHY, KISTLER, LaROSSA and GRACEY
All joined with the Dean drinking VISCHER quite bracey.
When along came a FISHER from RICHARDSON'S GLENN,
"KENNA drink BISCHOFFBERGER with you and your men?"
"Don't worry 'bout that," said the Dean with a smile,
"MALEY we'll all be together awhile."
Then he turned with a smile to the rest of the crowd—
And yelled in a voice that was cordial and loud—
"AQUILINO, GUYLER, COOPER, PURCELL—
Come, eat IVIN's cookies and hope to keep well."
And when we had finished, the class all did shout
"Three cheers for the Dean, he's a jolly old scout."
From this vast class mayhaps WEBSTER and RIEGER
Will toss JOHNSON or METZGAR to see who's the leader.
And so, as we go struggling on year by year,
May we all learn our COLLEGE to love and hold dear.
As we finally pass on—through the wide swinging door,
May it be said of us—WELL DONE '24.

## OFFICERS

*President*—Robert A. Leman

*Vice President*—Wesley D. Richards

*Secretary*—Edward L. Waugh

*Treasurer*—Ralph W. Bohn

W. E. SHERMAN.

## CLASS OF 1925

Albert, A. G.—Called "Shorty" and is all the name implies.
Appleton, R.—Sometimes known as "Father John."
Bail, Harry—Hardest worker we have. Hurrah, one to the good.
Baxter, J. G.—"Pinkie" needs a Blanket and a Tomahawk immediately.
Cannon, D. C.—He should have been christened "Cupid." "It Droppeth."
Carpenter, E. F., Jr.—Songster and authority on most everything.
Crellin, J. A.—"Right you are." Look him over for yourself.
Enfield, T. N.—He'd make a good confidence man.
Fessler, A. J.—"Jim's" the class Philosopher.
Flannagan, F.—The quietest man in College except on a piano.
Haas, F. M.—Fred is strong for Basketball and Allentown.
Haldeman, R. E.—Talks lots, but never says much.
Heimbach, J. A.—The only worm smoker in the world.
Hoke, B. H.—"Brad" is the class wise man and we need him badly.
Holshue, R. E.—Embryo acrobat. Keep at it "Steve," don't mind us.
Hyer, H.—He belongs to the "Inseparable Twins." The other is his pipe.
Jordan, J. C.—"Joe's" been smoking CEEgars recently.
Kapp, R. W.—Ask "Russ" to describe N. Y. City Hold-ups. He knows.
Kirby, D. W.—"Al" Jolson's only rival. Sing "Lena" for 'em Dunne.
Klock, H. A.—The most noise per unit we possess.
Marsh, C. S.—The fattest, fastest man in an Exam we know of.
McCauley, J. C.—Modesty Personified.
McCoy, W. I.—"Bill" does his share of blowing plus his cornet.
Miller, A.—The Gods are kind to us. You should see him with the ladies.
Myer, L.—He's from Camden, 'nuff said.
Ondovchak, M.—He's our authority on an Analytical Balance.
Rich, J. N.—Orator, Philosopher, Bull slinger and what not.
Rubin, A.—One man who can have three Factors for the same N/10 $H_2SO_4$.
Russell, J.—The only thing this boy can't do in Chemistry is Lab. Work.
Sharshon, G. W.—Initial Fireman of the "Home Fires" Brigade.
Somers, H. L.—Receipts, Hair-cuts, Jokes and Women are his specialty.
Stiles, W. H.—"Bill" plays marbles every second Thursday in the week.
Straub, H. F.—This man is killing himself with studies. (?)
Stroh, R. H.—Hurrah, he withstood the temptations of France, so he says.
Sutherland, A. D.—"Whereur—Rhup" and it's all his.
Valibus, A. J.—Ain't he a cute Telephone Girl? Give him a chance.
Westney, F. R.—"All Fares Please." That's all.
Wood, D. H.—Authority on Bookstores and Wrist-watches.

## CLASS OFFICERS

*President*—John N. Rich
*Vice President*—R. Edison Haldeman
*Secretary*—Frederick M. Haas
*Treasurer*—Henry L. Somers

R. E. HALDEMAN.

## CLASS OF 1926

*President*—Oliver S. Wiestner
*Vice President*—John J. Brennan
*Secretary*—Albert A. Rihl
*Treasurer*—Leander P. Tori

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Leander P. Tori
John Clare Thomas
Thomas Watson
Oliver S. Wiestner

Members of the Science Basketball Team, George J. Rilling, John S. Davis and John J. Brennan.

We aim to be a credit to Hahnemann while we spend our days under the instruction of her excellent faculty and to be worthy of her as we go forth to heal the ills of humanity.

## ALPHA SIGMA

Founded 1893

Chapter established 1897 Active Chapters, 7

### BETA CHAPTER

*Alpha*—Clement F. Lynch
*Beta*—Mathew J. Hale
*Gamma*—Edwin O. Geckler
*Delta*—W. Morris Pierson

### FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

1921

Raymond T. Briggs
Allan B. Dalton
Eugene C. Darby
H. Karl Dimlich
F. Donald Dorsey
William C. V. Wells
Clement F. Lynch
Claude B. Phillips
W. Morris Pierson
E. Roland Snader, Jr.
Howard Lichtenwalner

1922

Paul C. Crowther
Edwin C. Geckler
Mathew J. Hale
F. Evans Hanby
Samuel A. Hartman
D. Kepner Lessig
George A. Neff
Ellwood W. Stitzel
John M. Toomey
Raymond A. Williams

1923

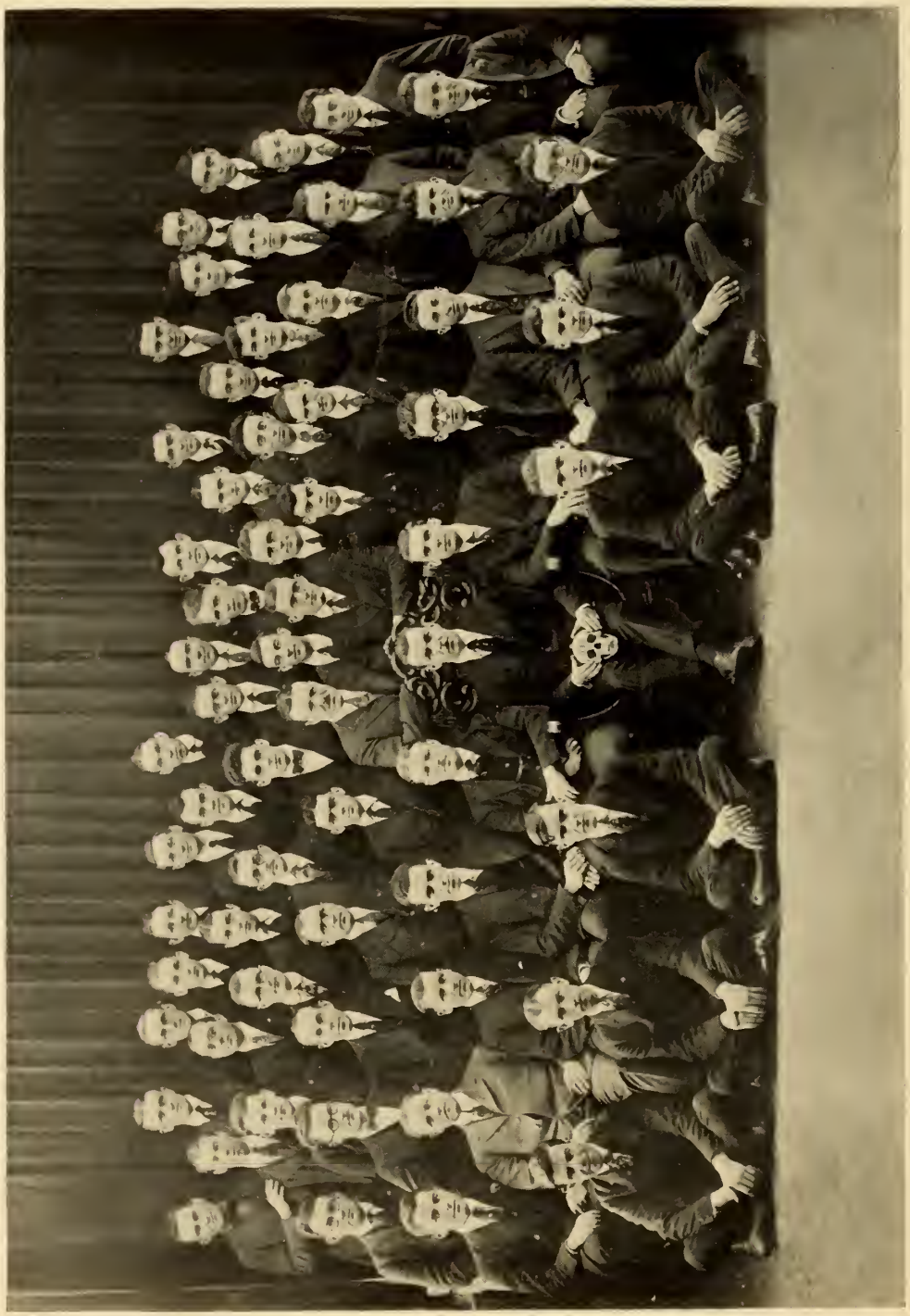
William R. Brewer
James H. Closson, 3d
Walter W. Gosling
Robert B. Lawrence
Willard J. Lee
Thomas H. McGavack
Russel S. Magee
Joseph A. Maher
Hale Marks
Fred P. Moberly
John C. Pierson
Henry S. Ruth
Leon A. Stetson

1924

Edward W. Campbell
Harry A. Fischer
William C. Ivins
Leo J. Lynch
Wesley D. Richards
Harry Umsted
Thomas J. Vischer
George W. Webster

### PLEDGEES

John G. Baxter
William J. McCoy
C. Spencer Marsh
Charles E. Hessert
Daniel H. Wood



## PI UPSILON RHO

Founded as the Ustion Society 1876
Became Pi Upsilon Rho Fraternity 1909

Chapter established 1901 — Active chapters, 4

### VERTEBRA QUARTA

*President*—T. Gordon McCleary
*Vice President*—John W. Sykes
*Corresponding Secretary*—Russel M. Houck
*Recording Secretary*—Carl L. Hosier
*Treasurer*—Everett H. Dickinson

### FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

1921

Fred E. Abbott
Russel S. Anderson
Paul D. Bier
Max Cohn
Willis B. Day
Everett H. Dickinson
John J. Elliott, Jr.
F. Orville George
Henry F. Goekin
Robert M. Hening
J. Irving Heritage
Carl L. Hosier
Russel M. Houck
Robert M. Hunter
William S. Johnson
Charles F. Kutteroff
Merrill H. Long
T. Gordon McCleary
Davis Middleton
Charles D. Miller
Daniel R. Mock
Thomas S. Murray
Fred William Meng
G. Edwin Shetrone
John W. Sykes
George F. Wright
Robert F. Wymer

1922

Arthur N. Brodenbender
Louis A. Dodies

1923

Roy Goshorn
Alfred E. Krick
Arthur J. White
Charles J. White
Joseph Phelps

1924

F. A. Bernacco
Ralph W. Bohn
T. Emory Camner
Frank L. Doering
Robert R. Gracey
George Lorenze, Jr.
Thomas F. Maley
Le Roy Purcell
Albert E. Hallowell
John E. Hannawelt
John P. Kenna
Robert A. Leman
Paul Metzger
Otto Rieger
W. Edgar Sherman
Ed. L. Waugh
Robert A. Follweiler
Michael Yankowicz

1925

Ralph Appleton
Harrison Hyer
Dunn Kirby
Allan D. Sutherland
Henry Somers
William H. Stiles
Robert A. Stroh
Howard F. Straub

1926

Cornelius Stephany

### PLEDGEES

Oliver S. Wiestner
Thomas Watson
Edward V. Brown
Alwyn G. Streeper
George G. Rilling
Albert R. Rihl

## PHI ALPHA GAMMA

Founded 1894

Chapter established 1896 — Active chapters, 6

### GAMMA CHAPTER

*President*—Clarence L. Shollenberger, Jr.
*Vice President*—Harold J. McLaren
*Treasurer*—David F. McGarvey
*Secretary*—Roscoe T. Breen
*Editor*—John C. Kistler

### FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

1921

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Charles C. Krusen
John C. Kistler
Gary M. Henderson
David F. McGarvey
Harold J. McLaren
Harold B. Shaw
Bradford C. Scudder
Clarence L. Shollenberger, Jr.
Hiram G. Straub, M.D.

1922

Roscoe T. Breen
Desiderio A. Roman
Boone J. Thomas
Reville D. Zapf

1923

1924

John M. Bischoffberger
Leonard S. Fullerton
Richard R. Gates
Russell Geary
Theodore Geary
Charles J. Kistler
Harold G. Guyler
Ralph S. Wright

1925

J. Antrim Crellin
Albert J. Fessler
Franklin Flanagan
Fred M. Hass
R. E. Haldeman
Harry A. Klock
John C. McCauley, Jr.
Anthony Miller
John N. Rich
Albert Valibus
Joseph Jordan

1926

Willard Brittain
J. Claire Thomas

### PLEDGEES

Bradley H. Hoke
Russell W. Kapp
Robert Miller
F. Rolfe Westney

# Professional Directory

## CALIFORNIA

### San Francisco
JAMES W. WARD, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE AND SURGERY
391 Sutter Street

## CONNECTICUT

### New Haven
ROBERT J. FERGUSON, M.D.
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
50 College Street
(Professional Building)

## DELAWARE

### Wilmington
FRANK F. PIERSON, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
1007 Jefferson Street

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

### Washington
CORA SMITH YOUNG, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
3015 14th Street

## ILLINOIS

### Chicago
ANSON CAMERON, M.D.
PEDIATRICS
1027 Boulevard Building
30 N. Michigan Avenue
Hours: 11 A. M. to 1 P. M.

## MARYLAND

### Baltimore
VERNON H. CONDON, M.D.
MEDICINE AND SURGERY
750 W. North Avenue

## MASSACHUSETTS

### Springfield
PLUMB BROWN, M.D.
HOMEOPATHY
175 State Street
Hours: 2 to 4 P. M.; 7 to 8 P. M.

## MISSOURI

### Kansas City
WM. E. CRAMER, M.D.
810 Waldheim Building

HENRY CROSKEY, M.D.
532 Altman Building

## NEW JERSEY

### Atlantic City
HOMER I. SILVERS, M.D.
1910 Pacific Avenue

### Audubon
LLOYD E. STROHM, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
227 White Horse Pike

### Camden
WALLACE McGEORGE, M.D.
521 Broadway
Hours: Until 11 A. M.; 5 to 8 P. M.

### Cape May
F. R. HUGHES, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
Columbia Avenue and Ocean Street

### Gloucester
R. T. FOX, M. D.
GENERAL PRACTICE AND SURGERY
23 N. Broadway
Hours: 12 to 1.30 P. M.; 6 to 8 P. M.

### Ocean City
ALLEN CORSON, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
824 Wesley Avenue

### Pitman
L. N. SLAUGHTER, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
110 S. Broadway

### Pitman and Mullica Hill
H. BAILEY CHALFANT, M.D.

### Rutherford
H. M. COOPER, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
Ridge Avenue and Passaic Avenue
Hours: 2 to 3; 7 to 8 P. M.

### Salem
WM. T. HILLIARD, M.D.
OBSTETRICS
Hours: 9 to 12, 1 to 3, 6 to 8 P. M.

### Trenton
A. W. BELTING, M.D.
UROLOGY
Aleda Apartments
E. Hanover and Montgomery Streets
Hours: 9 to 10 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M.

### Woodbury
DUNCAN CAMPBELL, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
130 S. Broad Street
Hours: 8 to 9.30 A. M., 6.30 to 8 P. M.

## NEW YORK

### Brooklyn
J. B. GIVEN, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
463 Ninth Street
Hours: 8 to 9.30 A. M., 4 to 5 P. M.

### Buffalo
N. W. BODENBENDER, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
4 W. Parade Avenue
Hours: Until 9 A. M., 1 to 3, 7 to 8 P. M.

### New York
LLEWELLYN E. HETRICK, M.D.
EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
30 W. 48th Street

JOHN E. WILSON, M.D.
NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISEASES
The Sydenham
58th Street and Madison Avenue
Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.

### Utica
ARTHUR R. GRANT, M.D.
SURGERY

## OHIO

### Columbus
E. B. JUNKERMANN, M.D.
DERMATOLOGY
138 E. State Street
Hours: 9 to 11 A. M., 1 to 3, 7 to 8 P. M.

## PENNSYLVANIA

### Allentown
EDGAR MAULE BLEW, M.D.
NEURO-PSYCHIATRY

### Ambridge
M. F. PETTLER, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
15th and Merchant Streets

## Ardmore

C. HAROLD KISTLER, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
22 Cricket Avenue
Hours: Until 10 A. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

HARLAND C. NICHOLSON
GENERAL MEDICINE
28 Ardmore Avenue
Hours:
8 to 10 A. M., 1 to 2, 6 to 7.30 P. M.

## Beaver

E. S. H. McCAULEY, M.D.
SURGERY AND GYNECOLOGY
499 Third Street
Hours: Until 9 A. M., 1 to 3, 7 to 9 P. M.

## Beaver Falls

E. H. DOUDS, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
1208 8th Avenue

H. R. PLUMMER, M.D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
1204 6th Avenue

J. HOWARD SWICK, M.D.
1314 8th Avenue
Hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3, 7 to 9 P. M.

## Bristol

H. DOYLE WEBB, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
316 Radcliffe Street

## Collegeville

J. S. MILLER, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
Phones—Bell 52; United 56
Hours:
Until 10 A. M., 12 to 2, 6 to 8 P. M.

## Conshohocken

J. L. ROTH, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
117 E. 4th Avenue

## Drexel Hill

H. A. TAGGART, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
115 Bonsall Street
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

## Kane

J. M. HEIMBACH, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
127 Greeves Street
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M., 6.30 to 8.30 P. M.

## Lansford

GRANT M. KISTLER, M.D.
111 E. Bertsch Street
Hours:
8 to 9 A. M., 12 to 1, 6 to 7.30 P. M.

## Lebanon

GUY A. GERBERICH, M.D.
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
136 N. Ninth Street
Hours:
8 to 10 A. M., 12 to 2, 6.30 to 8.30 P. M.

W. H. HOLSBERG, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
604 Cumberland Street

## Molinton

M. L. MILLER, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE

## New Brighton

JOHN C. SUTTON, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
3rd Avenue and 13th Street

## Norristown

PAUL G. ATKINSON, M.D.
611 Swede Street
Phone 716

E. A. KRUSEN, M.D.
Boyer Arcade or
Riverview Private Hospital

F. T. KRUSEN, M.D.
GENERAL SURGERY
Boyer Arcade
Hours: 9 to 10 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M.
Sunday, 1 to 2

## Philadelphia

HARRY B. ADAMS, M.D.
DISEASES OF THE RECTUM
Professional Bldg., 1833 Chestnut St.

J. V. ALLEN, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
1516 Harrison Street
Frankford, Phila.

LEON T. ASHCRAFT, M.D.
UROLOGY
2103 Chestnut Street

WM. F. BAKER
NEUROLOGY
1425 Spruce Street

CLARENCE BARTLETT, M.D.
INTERNAL MEDICINE AND
NEUROLOGY
1435 Spruce Street
Hours: 10 A. M. to 12 M.

FRANK F. BARTHMAIER, M.D.
2731 North 5th Street
Hours: Until 10 A. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

M. W. BENJAMIN, M.D.
OPHTHALMOLOGY
1838 W. Venango Street
Hours:
Until 9 A. M., 12 to 1, 6 to 8 P. M.

F. C. J. BENSON
RADIUM
Hahnemann Hospital

RALPH BERNSTEIN, M.D., F.A.C.P.
SKIN DISEASES EXCLUSIVELY
37 South 19th Street
Hours: 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.

J. B. BERT, M.D.
OBSTETRICS AND GYNECOLOGY
2506 North 11th Street
Hours: 11 to 1.

G. H. BICKLEY, M.D.
GASTRO-ENTEROLOGY
1429 S. Broad Street

C. A. BIGLER, JR., M.D.
GENERAL AND RECTAL SURGERY
2009 Chestnut St.
Hours: 1 to 3 P. M.

RAYMOND G. BLOOD, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
3367 Frankford Avenue

F. E. BRISTOL, M.D.
X-RAY AND ELECTRO-THERAPY
4701 Wayne Avenue
Office Hours:
Until 10 A. M., and 6-8 P. M.

JOHN A. BROOKE, M.D.
ORTHOPAEDIC SURGERY
FRACTURES AND DISLOCATIONS
264 South Sixteenth Street

JOSEPH V. F. CLAY, M.D.
2102 Chestnut Street
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
Hours: 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

C. V. CLEMMER, M.D.
12th & 66th Avenue
Oak Lane

LEON CLEMMER, M.D.
Associated G. A. Van Lennep, M.D.
2104 Chestnut Street

JAMES H. CLOSSON, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
53 W. Chelten Avenue

A. F. COPELAND, M.D.
GYNECOLOGY
158 E. Allegheny Avenue

WM. D. CULIN
GYNECOLOGY
820 N. 41st Street

H. M. EBERHARD, M.D.
GASTRO-ENTEROLOGY
1823 Chestnut Street
Hours: By appointment only

EDWARD A. EICHMAN, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
Cor. Lyceum Ave. and Mitchell Street
Roxborough

H. F. EWING
1302 N. Broad Street
Hours: 9 to 12, 6.30 to 8.30 P. M.

**B. BERTRAM FENNIMORE, M.D.**
INTERNAL MEDICINE
**135 North 50th Street**

**DONALD R. FERGUSON, M.D.**
GENERAL MEDICINE
**Hamilton Court**
Hours: 8.30 to 9.30 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M

**D. E. FITZGERALD, M.D.**
GENERAL PRACTICE
**3468 Frankford Avenue**
Hours: 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 2, 7 to 8 P. M.

**ANDREW FLANAGAN, M.D.**
GENERAL MEDICINE
**361 Lyceum Avenue, Roxborough**

**B. K. FLETCHER, M.D.**
DISEASES OF CHILDREN
**344 South 16th Street**
Hours: 9 to 11 A. M., 5 to 7.30 P. M.

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ULTRA-VIOLET AND ELECTRO THERAPEUTICS
**307 Weightman Building**
Office Hours: 9 to 1 P. M.

**J. W. FRANK, M.D.**
ROENTGENOLOGY
**2025 Chestnut Street**
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M.

**CHARLES J. V. FRIES, JR., M.D.**
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
**2044 Chestnut Street**
Hours: 12 M. to 3 P. M.

**F. J. FROSCH, M.D.**
GENERAL MEDICINE
**2736 North 12th Street**
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M., 6 to 8 P. M

**G. MORRIS GOLDEN, M.D.**
INTERNAL MEDICINE AND DIAGNOSIS
**1825 Chestnut Street**
Hours: 2 to 4 P. M.

**WM. B. GRIGGS, M.D.**
GENERAL PRACTICE
**1326 North 12th Street**
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M., 6.30 to 8 P. M.

**OLIVER SLOAN HAINES**
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**137 North 15th Street**
Hours:
Until 11 A. M., 6.30 to 7.30 P. M.

**WM. LAWRENCE HICKS, M.D.**
PSYCHIATRY AND NEUROLOGY
**124 South 16th Street**
Hours: 9 A. M. to 12 M.

**WM. M. HILLEGAS, M.D.**
EYE, NOSE AND THROAT
**1807 Chestnut Street**
Hours: 2 to 4 P. M.

**N. FULMER HOFFMAN**
SURGERY
**1602 Vine Street**
Hours: Until 10 A. M., 6 to 8 P. M

**CHAS. B. HOLLIS, M.D.**
NOSE, THROAT AND EAR
**1700 N. 18th Street**
Hours: 8 to 11 A. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

**GEORGE A. HOPP, M.D.**
PATHOLOGY AND IMMUNOLOGY
**Philadelphia, Pa.**

**WM. C. HUNSICKER, M.D.**
GENITO-URINARY DISEASES
**1625 Race Street**
Hours: 9 to 12 M.

**D. B. JAMES, M.D.**
GYNECOLOGY
**1431 Spruce Street**
Mondays 12 to 1 P. M.
Other week-days 11 A. M. to 1 P. M.

**JOHN EDWIN JAMES, Jr., M.D.**
OBSTETRICS AND GYNECOLOGY
**118 South Nineteenth Street**

**G. CHAPIN JENKINS, M.D.**
GENERAL MEDICINE
**6437 Emlen Street**
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M., 5 to 7 P. M.

**J. M. KENWORTHY, M.D.**
GENITO-URINARY DISEASES
**1625 Race Street**
Hours: 9 to 12, 5 to 7 P. M.

**WAYNE T. KILLIAN, M.D.**
ANAESTHESIA
**4501 Spruce Street**
Hours: 11 to 12; 6.30 to 8 P. M.

**BAYARD F. KNERR, M.D.**
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
**1137 Spruce Street**

**ROBERT S. KROPP, M.D.**
**5113 N. Broad Street**

**N. F. LANE, M.D.**
GYNECOLOGY AND OBSTETRICS
**1925 Chestnut Street**
Hours: 9 to 12 M.

**HERBERT P. LEOPOLD, M.D.**
SURGERY
**2104 Chestnut Street**
Hours: 10.30 to 12 M.
Phone—Spruce 5201

**A. B. LICHTENWALNER, M.D.**
GENERAL PRACTICE
**2435 North 7th Street**

**L. E. MARTER, M.D.**
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
**1631 Race Street**
Hours: 9 to 12.
Mon., Wed., Friday, 5-7 P. M.

**FRANK F. MASSEY, M.D.**
GENERAL MEDICINE
**1317 E. Carey Street**
Hours: 1 to 2.30, 7 to 9 P. M.

**THOMAS MATLACK, M.D.**
GENERAL PRACTICE
**2302 E. York Street**
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

**JOHN J. McKENNA, M.D.**
ROENTGENOLOGY
**Hahnemann Hospital**
**5448 Whitley Avenue**

**WARREN C. MERCER, M.D.**
OBSTETRICS AND GYNECOLOGY
**24 South 21st Street**
Hours: 11 to 1 P. M.
Mon., Wed., Friday, 5 to 7.30 P. M.

**HARRY P. METZGER, M.D.**
GENERAL MEDICINE
**4511 Thompson Street**

**FRANK O. NAGLE, M.D.**
DISEASES OF EYE
**1825 Chestnut Street**
Hours: 9 to 1 P. M.

**WALTER N. NORLEY, M.D.**
GENERAL PRACTICE
**1400 North 54th Street**
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M., 6 to 7.30 P. M.

**H. L. NORTHROP, M.D.**
SURGERY
**Medical Arts Building**
Hours: 9 to 12 M.

**GILBERT J. PALEN, M.D.**
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
**2102 Chestnut Street**
Hours: 9 to 12 M.

**NEWLIN F. PAXON, M.D.**
GENERAL PRACTICE AND OBSTETRICS
**2040 Chestnut Street**

**O. H. PAXSON, M.D.**
GENERAL MEDICINE AND DIAGNOSIS
**2040 Chestnut Street**
Hours: 9 to 1 and 7 to 8

**FRED. K. C. PETERS, M.D.**
OPHTHALMOLOGY
**1825 Chestnut Street**
Hours: 9 to 1 P. M.

**THOMAS W. PHILLIPS, M.D.**
GENERAL PRACTICE
**144 N. 60th Street**
Hours: Until 10.30 A. M., 6 to 7.30 P. M.

**C. S. RAUE, M.D.**
DISEASES OF CHILDREN
**1431 Spruce Street**
Hours: 10 A. M. to 12 M.

**JOHN H. READING, M.D.**
PEDIATRICS & GENERAL MEDICINE
**South Latch's Lane**
**Overbrook**

**J. L. REDMAN, M.D.**
PEDIATRICS
**316 South 15th Street**
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M.
Mon., Wed., Fri., 5 to 7.30 P. M.

**CHAS. L. W. RIEGER, M.D.**
**1304 Rockland Street**
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M., 6 to 7.30 P. M.

MAXIMILIAN ROEDMAN, M.D.
GENITO-URINARY DISEASES
Flanders Building
Hours: 9 to 12 M.

H. F. ROEPKE, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
1221 North 6th Street
Hours: 9 to 10 A. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

DESIDERIO ROMAN, M.D.
SURGERY
1904 South Rittenhouse Square
Hours: 9 to 12 M.

C. D. SAUL, M.D.
INTERNAL MEDICINE
Chestnut Hill

JAMES D. SCHOFIELD, M.D.
RECTAL DISEASES
Medical Arts Building
Hours: 2 to 4 P. M.

OSCAR SEELEY, M.D.
NOSE, THROAT AND EAR
2009 Chestnut Street
Hours: 10 to 1, except Wed. and Sun

ALFRED A. SERAPHIM, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
2215 Vine Street

I. G. SHALLCROSS, M.D.
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
112 South 20th Street
Hours: 9 to 1

WM. H. SHANE, M.D.
ORTHOPEDICS
Manheim Apartments

CLARENCE SMITH, M.D.
INTERNAL MEDICINE AND DIAGNOSIS
Medical Arts Building
Hours: 3 to 4 P. M.

FRED W. SMITH, M.D.
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
Medical Arts Building
Hours: 9 to 12 M.

J. HUNTER SMITH, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
1237 E. Susquehanna Avenue
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

THOMAS M. SNYDER, M.D.
DISEASES OF EYE
5539 Germantown Avenue

WM. I. TOMLINSON, M.D.
OBSTETRICS
1823 Porter St.

WALTER J. SNYDER, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
418 S. 47th Street
Hours:
Until 10.30 A. M., 6.30 to 8.30 P. M

WM. STEELE, M.D.
INTERNAL MEDICINE AND DISEASES OF CHILDREN
1823 Chestnut Street
Hours: 9 to 11 A. M.

E. A. STEINHILBER, M.D.
NEUROLOGY
671 Preston Street

DEACON STEINMETZ, M.D.
SURGERY
1425 Spruce Street
Hours: 11 to 1

GEORGE A. STEWART, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
11th Street and Oak Lane
Hours: Until 9.30 A. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

W. M. SYLVIS, M.D.
SURGERY
4418 Chestnut St.
Office Hours:
Until 10 A. M., and 6 to 8 P. M.

PERCY A. TINDALL, M.D.
DISEASES OF THE EYE
2102 Chestnut St.
Hours: 9 to 1

W. W. TRINKLE, M.D.
1438 N. 10th St.

LINTON TURNER, M.D.
GENERAL MEDICINE
450 Lyceum Ave.
Hours: 8 to 10 A. M., 6 to 8 P. M.

EVERETT A. TYLER, M.D.
ANAESTHESIA
1825 Chestnut St.
Phone: Spruce 5201

G. A. VAN LENNEP, M.D.
SURGERY
2104 Chestnut St.
Hours: 12 to 1

J. L. VAN TINE, M.D.
GENERAL PRACTICE
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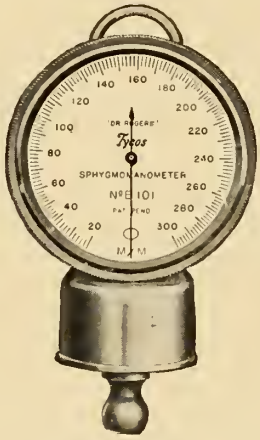


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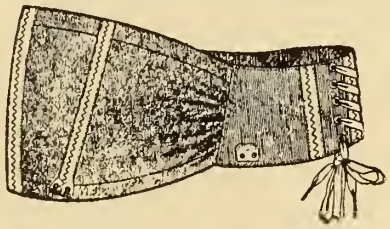

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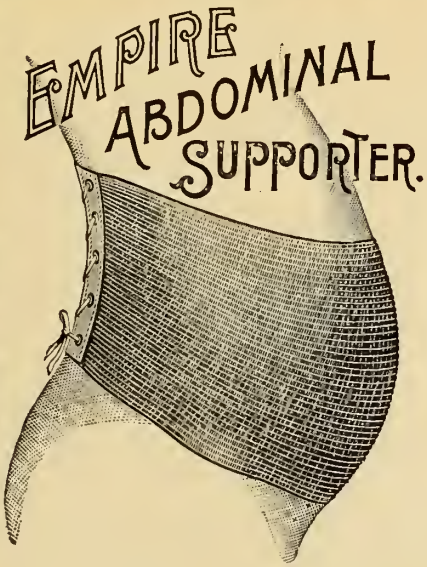


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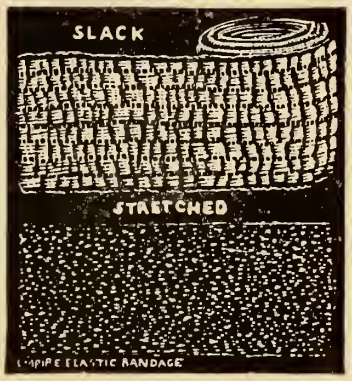


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